

The Sign



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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Opening the Holy Door

By Gabriel Francis Powers

The Church in South America

By C. S. Cosby Oakes

Taken and Left

By Joseph Carmichael

The Sacred Passion in Mexico

By Edward Jodrell

With the Passionists in China

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Responsibility

"Everyone of us shall give an account of himself to God."

To the Readers of THE SIGN:

My Dear Friends:

With the beginning of another Lent, we enter upon the most sacred season of the year. It is a time set aside by the Church for penance, prayer and a deeper and more intense cultivation of our own spiritual life.

Lent should be for all of us a time of severe self-examination in regard to our personal and individual responsibilities. "Everyone of us shall give an account of himself to God."

When this account is to be given, where it shall be given, and under what particular circumstances, are things of secondary importance. The main thing is that we are accountable for our lives and works to God Almighty Who knows all about us.

We are responsible for what we do and for what we leave undone; for what we actually are and for what we might be and should be; we are accountable for our motives and our influence.

Suppose we take this idea of personal responsibility to God as the subject-matter of honest thought during Lent. Suppose also that we make a conscientious self-examination somewhat along these lines:

I am a father. What sort of example do I give in my own home? Am I trying to make it a Catholic home? Am I really honest with my wife and children? Is my boy a good boy because I am his father?

I am a mother. I have a sacred obligation to work for the eternal salvation of my husband and children. Am I making my house a home where my husband and children want to be, or am I by my neglect and laziness, driving them into God knows what temptations and sins?

I am an employer. Am I square with my help? Do I give them a just wage? Are they working under proper conditions? I am an employee. Am I conscientious in my business or work? Am I earning the money I'm getting?

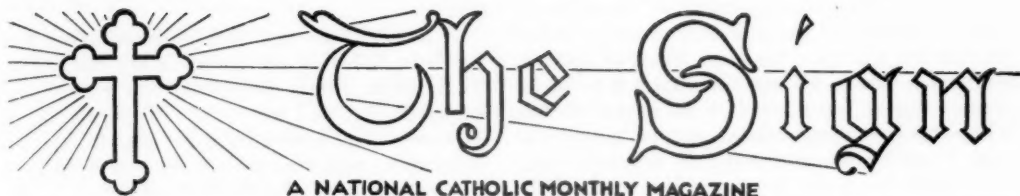
I am a Catholic. If I am a convinced Catholic I must put my Faith above everything else. What about Mass and the Sacraments? Am I really interested in the Church, in her needs and success? Christ came to found a kingdom that should cover the earth. Am I doing anything to extend it? Am I interested in His great concern—the souls for whom He died?

Circumstances, opportunities, special enlightening graces of the Holy Ghost, will readily suggest other topics on which to examine ourselves. Know yourself. Study yourself. It was a fool who looked at himself in a looking-glass, then turned away, and presently forgot what manner of man he was.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

P. S. Special services will be held in your parish church during Lent. Show your appreciation of them by attending as many as possible.



A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Vol. IV

MARCH, 1925

No. 8

Current Fact and Comment

The Atom

TO keep pace with scientific knowledge you must be familiar with the latest concepts of that elemental thing—the atom. The majority of scientists at present agree that the atom consists of a central nucleus or proton and a system of electrons revolving at tremendous velocity. The practical-minded envisage the releasing of this enormous energy and its application to useful or destructive purposes.

Even with the aid of the most powerful microscope no human eye has ever seen an atom. All that is so graphically described about it has been inferred from experiment—by putting the atom through certain performances. But such a process leaves the subject of causes in the sphere of uncertainty and hence of controversy. It is plain that Hilaire Belloc does not wish the next generation to classify him among the overcredulous on this subject judging from his observations in *The Yale Review*:

Not so many years ago everyone took cheerfully for granted an eternal little thing called the atom.... Anyone who questioned the character of this imaginary thing was thought to be posing or mad; just as a man would be thought posing or mad who denied a thing really experienced by all his fellows: beef, for instance.

One day the atom burst. That is, new things were noticed which did not fit in with the atom as they had affirmed it to be. At once a new hypothesis was knocked together, and men began to talk about the electron and its works and habits exactly as they had formerly talked about the atom. Everything they now said contradicted what they had said before; but by using the old word in a new meaning, by calling that destructible which they had once called indestructible, and inventing a structure for that which they had affirmed to be simple, they flattered themselves that they were not exposing their former ignorance, but only advancing in knowledge; and to-day they talk about the electron as though it were a football or any other familiar object. To-morrow they will use some other word connected with some other hypothesis, with exactly the same assurance and familiarity; and what they are saying to-day about the electron, they will be saying about the abracadabra of to-morrow.

A Cardinal's Friends

IT is not surprising that from the long and active career of Cardinal Logue many incidents of lively interest are recalled by his friends. Incidentally it is revealed that the Cardinal's affability and simplicity won to him many who were not Catholics. Among these was Stephen Gwynn who, although not an intimate friend, has memorialized the Cardinal beautifully in the English journals, *The Spectator* and *The Observer*. From the latter we reproduce an incident that has the charm of an Assisian idyl and on which Mr. Gwynn himself remarks, "Was there ever a more perfect subject for a poem?"

One of his friends went to see the old man and knocked at the door of Ara Coeli, the new and stately residence at Armagh. After a while the door was opened by the Cardinal. His guest asked why. "My housekeeper is old, and she has sore feet." They went in, and, after a while, "Come now till I show you my friends," said the Cardinal. They went out, and from all quarters birds came flocking, to sit on the little old, bent shoulders. He knew each of them and had names for them all. "But the worst is," he said, "I cannot read my breviary any more walking in the garden. They give me no peace and I cannot keep my mind from them."

Adrian Fortescue, Priest

THE biographers of the late Rev. Adrian Fortescue find his career varied enough to be considered under the aspects of the man, the writer, the speaker, the scholar, the raconteur, the priest and the friend. But they make it clear that their subject was above all things a priest. The hours consumed and the industry applied to his researches concerning the origin and development of the Eastern Churches did not absorb his interest as a scholar merely.

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Ratther did he approach the altar daily with a vivid consciousness of the reality of the mysteries underlying the rites and actions with which he had familiarized himself as the direct legacy of apostolic tradition. Hence we are not surprised to be informed that he was revered by his friends because "They had seen him say Mass, and had gathered at once from his whole recollected demeanor with what reverence and awe he really stood in the presence of God." And again: "He had the heart and mind of a priest. It was the priest who just before he left Letchworth, as he knew well, to meet his death, turned and bade good-bye to his little church, and silently kissed the altar-stone on which he had so frequently offered Mass."

CruX Fidelis

THERE have been numerous renditions into English of the Breviary hymns by those capable of a faithful rendering while preserving the poetry and piety of the originals. Moreover, the late Dr. Fortescue observed, "After Dr. Neale's beautiful poetic translations of nearly all our hymns it seems vain for anyone else to try to rival them." Hence the volume, *Hymns from the Liturgy*, by John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., is subject to fair criticism immediately on its recent appearance. We leave our devout readers to agree or not with the *Dublin Review* critic who feels that Neale has made a happier rendering of the beautiful Passion hymn, CruX Fidelis, thus,

Faithful Cross! above all other
One and only noble tree;
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be:
Sweetest wood and sweetest iron,
Sweetest weight is hung on thee!

than Father Fitzpatrick,

Faithful Cross! of all the forest
Thou art far the noblest tree,
None of all its growth produces
Leaf, or flower, or fruit, like thee:
Sweet thy wood is, sweet thy nails are,
And their Burden sweet is He.

The Millenium

THERE are always enough unsophisticated people at hand to encourage prophets foretelling doomsday or the millenium. Lately there has been a notable outbreak of such auguries in widely separated sections. On a certain bay in Australia, where Christ is expected to enter walking on the waters, a huge amphitheatre has been erected to hold the throng that will welcome Him. Two thousand members of the Order of the Star

of the East have subscribed from \$50. to \$500. per seat.

It matters little that such prognostications have regularly failed of realization in the past, or that the Scripture clearly states that, "the Father alone knows the day and the hour." Strangely enough an evasive explanation of their miscalculations is sufficient to keep these pseudo-prophets from losing caste among many of their adherents.

Thus we have in our midst the various groups of the Adventists numbering around 100,000. They still cherish the memory of their founder, William Miller, who foretold that Christ would return in the year 1843 and gather the just around Him for an earthly reign of one thousand years. Many of the credulous parted with all their temporal possessions and assembled at points in New England to await Christ's coming. Their peculiar notion of the millenium is still their fundamental article of faith. Schism eventually divided them. The Seventh Day Adventists, now the largest body among them, hold to the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath.

The Dowieites are bound by the same hope of Christ's early coming. W. G. Voliva, their leader, speaking at Shiloh Tabernacle, Zion, Ill., as reported in *Leaves of Healing*, September 9, announced that the time of the millenium is close at hand; it will be the next great event; and seven years later Jesus will appear. On another page of the same official paper Voliva advertises real estate in the Dowieite colony, all of it to be had on leases which run for a period of eleven hundred years.

Ancient Devotion to the Blessed Virgin

IT is curious to note the viewpoint of an archaeologist in establishing the relative importance of his discoveries. No city offers a more fascinating field for the archaeologist than Rome, and few Romans have left more to whet the delver's appetite than Caligula. Of him it is said, "He built villas and country houses with utter disregard of expense... He built moles out into the deep and stormy sea, tunneled rocks of hardest flint, built up plains to the height of mountains and raised mountains to the level of the plain." But it is the House of Caligula, ruthlessly intruding upon the Forum, that has chiefly absorbed scientific interest.

The plan and exact limits of the House of Caligula remain matter of discussion owing to obscure records and to subsequent destruction wrought by the elements and the hand of man. A

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writer in *The American Journal of Archaeology* undertakes to define both plan and limits. There is much conjecture and inference based on measurements in fractional meters of the exposed ruins. There is also mention of the "fury of the seekers after travertine and marble for St. Peters." Stress is laid upon the discovery of an orientation, or that a certain space formed an irregular trapezoid, or that, from a certain arch, Caligula probably threw gold and silver pieces to the crowds below.

The writer observes, "Of the remarkable discoveries made during these excavations, directed no longer to the destruction but to the preservation of these monuments, little need be said in general, since their importance for the history of the early Empire no less than for that of the early Church is well recognized." Hence in this study little importance is attached to an essential item directly concerned with an important feature of Catholic faith and practice.

These excavations revealed a Christian church that was abandoned in the ninth century owing to the menace of overhanging walls. This church was dedicated to Sancta Maria *Antiqua*. Calculating from the level at which it was found and from the fact that it was built into the very rooms of the great Hall of Domitian, we may reasonably fix its foundation close to the period of Constantine. The inference should not be glossed over. A Catholic temple, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, dismantled from age in the ninth century! Aye, veneration of the Mother of God already *ancient* in the fourth century!

Cross-Words and Our Time

IT may occur to conscientious people that time given to the solving of cross-word puzzles is wasted. However, reports of librarians on the effects of the vogue are assuring.

For instance, the manager of a Catholic library observes that people come to the library to consult reference books. And items suggested to them by the clues are followed up with the result that more books are being borrowed. Interest in the puzzles does not seem to end with the mere solution. He was asked a number of questions that were obviously inspired by these puzzles. . . Everyone wanted the Catholic Encyclopedia. They might have to set a time limit on its use.

We are thus reminded that the usefulness of the puzzle depends primarily not so much on the ingenuity of the designer as on his cultural taste. Puzzle-makers may be divided into three classes: those who aim at nothing more than a correct adjustment of words, those who give evidence of

familiarity with an elegant vocabulary and those who strive to give a broad significance to their terminology.

Solving puzzles of the first-named class is little better occupation than a "stunt." At best it has resulted in acquiring much impractical information about inedible mollusks, unfamiliar coins, animals deficient in toes, etc.

Under the second heading we are reminded that the daily vocabulary of the average man is but a few hundred words. This is mostly due to lack of precision in expressing our ideas. Even many grown-ups have but one word, "fine," which they summon in order to express the idea of excellence. A good puzzle-maker reminds us sharply of the distinctions of our rhetoric masters: "opportunity, occasion," "sufficient, enough," "avow, confess," "only, alone," "discover, invent," "blame, fault," etc.

But, the most commendable puzzle is the one that, beside affording the satisfaction derived from its solution, reveals the limitations of our knowledge in the order of science, history and even of religious matters and that instigates to search and wholesome illumination.

Discover a proficient puzzle-maker and you need not ordinarily scruple about time devoted to this popular form of recreation.

A Manzoni Memorial

FROM the *Unita Cattolica* we learn the significance of a bronze memorial to Alessandro Manzoni erected in his parish church of St. Fidelis at Milan.

The distinguished author of "I Promessi Sposi" preserved his physical and mental faculties unimpaired to the ripe age of 88 years. On his way to Mass on the feast of the Epiphany, 1873, he fell and struck his forehead on the stone steps of the church. It seemed a slight wound, but a few weeks later he complained to his old companion, Don Natale Ceroli, "All my ideas are confused; I am no longer myself." His thoughts, now more seriously than ever, were centred on the waywardness of his youth, on the period when he was not only heedless of the laws of the Church, but actually an unbeliever. His anguish increased as Easter approached and he feared that the effects of the wound would prevent him from fulfilling the Paschal precept in the ordinary manner. But on a day when there was relief from pain he was able to make his way to the parish church and communicate. One who was present recalls with what emotion the exemplary old man exclaimed on reaching his home, "Rejoice with me, for to-day I a

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most unworthy creature, have made my Easter duty."

It is this episode in the life of the noblest figure in modern Italian literature, Manzoni standing and receiving Holy Communion from the Provost, Don Catena, that is represented in the bronze memorial.

He had been deeply impressed by that short liturgical prayer uttered by the confessor, "The Lord be in thy heart and on thy lips that thou mayest worthily confess thy sins." Afterwards he continued to repeat them, and lest he should forget them he committed them to writing. Indeed it is this that is treasured as Manzoni's last autograph.

Passionist Statistics

A RECENT issue of the *Bolletino*, published at headquarters of the Passionist Congregation in Rome, presents statistics from which we select items of general interest to our readers.

There are 115 monasteries of the Order throughout the world, not including mission stations such as those in China and Peru. With the recent foundations in Poland and Germany the Order is represented throughout the European Continent. There have long been foundations in Bulgaria, Australia and the Latin American countries. The Anglo-Hibernian Province includes 12 houses with 179 professed religious of whom 111 are priests. In the United States there are two Provinces, divided by the Pennsylvania-Ohio state line. The Eastern Province embraces 10 monasteries with 169 priests and a total of 283 professed religious. In the Western Province there are 7 houses, the latest foundation being at Sierra Madre, Calif. In this Province there are 176 professed members of whom 94 are priests.

Altogether there are 1878 Passionists, including 1014 priests, 414 clerical students and 450 lay brothers. In the various novitiates and alumnates there are 761 aspirants.

Affiliations of the New Congress

THE statistical department of the Methodist Episcopal Church has investigated the religious affiliations of members in the new Congress. The total membership of the House is 435 and of the Senate, 96. We may tabulate their religious status as follows:

	House	Senate
Protestants	352	79
Catholics	32	4
Jews	8	0

	House	Senate
No Church	35	10
Unknown	7	3
Vacancy	1	0

Our National Government thus seems to be over 90% Christian.

Methodists are in the lead with 90 members in the House and 27 in the Senate.

Sitting with these and indicating the variations of Protestantism we find 4 Unitarians, 3 Quakers, a Mormon, a Mennonite and a Christian Scientist.

During the World War a rather conservative estimate of Catholics in our army and navy was 40%. Many inferences might be drawn from the striking contrast between that figure and 634%—the proportion of Catholic membership in Congress. Yet religious fanatics will still continue to raise the alarm of Vatican intrusion upon our National Government, and it will still be claimed that Catholics, being in league with a foreign power, are incapable of loyal American citizenship.

* * * * *

Quite significant are the figures concerning Masonry, taken from the aforesaid source. Over 75% of Congress is Masonic, divided thus:

MASONS	
House, Protestants	304
Senate, Protestants	65
House, no Church	23
Senate, no Church	6
Both Houses, unknown	7
	405

It is fortunate that most of our American Masons who hold office in so many high legislative posts are evidently not influenced by the anti-Catholic and un-Christian prejudices fostered and promoted by some official organs of their order.

We have no reason to fear that our Masonic representatives in Congress will ever form an "invisible government," though we know that both European and Latin-American Masonry through such an "invisible government" attained to a domineering position in different countries. As they were the avowed foes of Christianity, the Church was soon hampered on every side by their repressive and coercive legislation. Premier Mussolini attempts to dethrone Masonry on this charge that, as an "invisible government," it has long controlled Italian affairs. There are signs that Catholic France is fired with indignation that it should have so long submitted to the domination of a similar sinister minority.

The Opening of the Holy Door

At St. Peter's, Rome, Christmas Eve, 1924

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

DECEMBER 24 witnessed the initial ceremony of the Holy Year—the opening of the “Holy Door” in the four basilicas which are to receive the visits of pilgrims. The Sovereign Pontiff opens the Holy Door at St. Peter's. The ceremony is symbolic. The particular mercy of Holy Mother Church will be extended to sinners for their return and reconciliation; the treasure house of indulgences will be opened for all to draw abundantly for themselves and the friends gone before. But the Holy Door is a *bona fide* door, to the right of the main door of each basilica, and it is only opened once (normally) at the beginning of each quarter century; closed again at the end of the year of Jubilee, and left walled during the years which intervene. When it is not in use, the Holy Door presents a plain surface of solid masonry, covered by a marble slab and marked with a cross which recalls its consecrated character.

The ceremonial for the opening of the Holy Door takes a good half hour to perform. The act itself is a taking in hand of a silver hammer by the Holy Father who strikes three times with it upon the closed door, and workmen are on hand who immediately complete the widening of the aperture. The Pontiff himself is the first person to pass, humbly over the sacred threshold which he has just consecrated to the mercy of God, to pardon, and indulgence.

The great day dawned rose-colored over the Alban Hills. The sun soared upward into a cloudless sky, and between the sapphire-hued heavens and the brilliant sunshine, dazzling and cutting sharp shadows, the season did not

seem like winter, save for a certain intensity in the windless cold. The Piazza of St. Peter's was like a vast receptacle flooded with sunlight; and, in the midst of this radiance, a great number of people were herding together in vast groups or streaming in certain given directions. The front of the church was closed, all the doors locked, and the great iron gates closing-in the portico similarly locked. Evidently no access was to be had into the basilica from the front entrance, and the portico was being reserved for the Sovereign Pontiff and the ceremony of opening the Holy Door. The vast platform outside the gates was kept clear by a cordon of gendarms; the steps to this platform were also kept clear; and, at the foot of them, a second cordon of troops prevented any person from approaching the portico.

Entrance to the basilica was only by ticket, and it was necessary to skirt the building and go to one or other of the rear entrances indicated upon the tickets, and there stand in line until at intervals the gates opened and the throng outside was permitted to enter. The rush and crush which ensued were not agreeable. A gradual entrance would have seemed so much better. But the American mind is always aghast at what the Italian mind considers advantageous to order and organization.

After five minutes of mad jam and pressure, there is another halt at the very door of the church. At length one is *in*. It has been a hard fight, and it is a relief to find that although within the basilica some forty-eight of fifty thousand people have already foregathered, there is still room to walk about a little behind the crowds

which press against the fences, railing off wherever the Holy Father is to pass.



THE POPE STRIKING THE HOLY DOOR

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IN READINESS TO OPEN THE HOLY DOOR

The crowd is the same motley one that seems to have its habitat in St. Peter's, at all functions there. It is thickly sprinkled with ecclesiastical students from the colleges; with Sisters of many habits and nationalities; and it is a polyglot crowd speaking every tongue under the sun. Perhaps the Italians are better represented than usual. There are different elements present; from the woman who carefully plants her camp-stool upon the feet of all those who surround her, emphatically declaring that she was there first and that nobody shall stand in front of her; to the meek nun who pins back her head-gear because the man behind her says he cannot see for her "horns" (the white wings of a cornette Sister).

There we all stand and wait. The opening of the Holy Door is at eleven o'clock. All around is an immense, incessant, shuffling of footsteps and a murmurous sound like that of a restless sea. Minute by minute, watches are drawn out. Now they mark eleven.

FROM the words of command rung out to the different bodies of guards, you realize that the Sovereign Pontiff has descended from his

apartments, and has gone directly to the portico of the basilica. There is an effort to make silence, in order to be able to follow the solemn rite which is being performed just outside the great portals, but it is impossible to hear. And the minutes drag on, minutes of intense waiting.

A kindly officer of the Palatine Guard, on duty near the barrier and having a better view down the open aisle, endeavors to keep us informed: "He is beginning the ceremony"... "He is reading the prayers"... "Now, now, he is going to knock on the door!"... There is a tense swaying and leaning forward, a raising on tip-toe, a cross-fire of questions: "Has he done it?"... "Is it open?"... "Can you see the light through the aperture?"... But apparently it was not yet. Then came a sound like workmen's knocking and hammering, loud, material sounds, having nothing spiritually suggestive about them, but a wall is a wall and if it is to be knocked down, it takes tools and blows to do it. Then a succession of long, dolorous creaks as the long-sealed door turns and the twenty-five year rust of its hinges. There was no doubt now about whether the door was open or not. The groan of the metal had rung all through St. Peter's.

Then far away in the distance of the airy portico, one faint voice intones alone: *Te Deum Laudamus*. The song meant only one thing, and the sixty thousand who were waiting inside the basilica stirred, breathed, rustled all together: "It's done! He is coming!" But far distant still was that moment. There was an interval, during which we did not know what was being done, and then a sharp command brought the Palatine Guard to attention. But it was not the procession; it was the passage of the Noble Guard, swinging up the main aisle, superb in scarlet tunics, breeches of white buckskin, shining boots, and with silver helmets upon their heads. The ceremony at the door accomplished, they were going up to take their post of honor around the throne, awaiting the Holy Father's coming. Another short interval, and the procession, formed in the portico, begins to come slowly up the main aisle, between the railings, innumerable voices chanting the alternate verses of the *Te Deum*.

FIRST appears the Cross, between twin torchbearers; then, two and two, the endless rank and file of the clergy in cassocks and surplices. An unfortunate interruption is an invasion of ladies in black dresses and veils, and of diplomats in gold-embroidered uniforms, who begin to stream up the same aisle from the portico and disarrange the orderly line of the ecclesiastics. Probably through

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a misunderstanding, these two favored classes, the Roman Patriciate and the Ambassadors to the Holy See, the only lay persons permitted to be present at the ceremony in the portico, left their places and scurried up the main aisle to the tribunes prepared for them in the transepts of the church, just as the solemn procession got under way. The Queen of Greece was more fortunate; she went up the aisle in advance of the procession, accompanied by her numerous suite, bowing to right and left, and saluted officially by the Guard.

By degrees the stately order of the procession was resumed, and group after group, the representatives of the religious Orders of the Church, passed in their varied habits. One sees these *défilés* in St. Peter's so often, and yet they are always splendid, and each time some special feature stands out like a new thing. Peculiarly fine in our eyes this time was the body of the chivalrous Knights of the Holy Sepulchre, swinging their long white military cloaks, marked on the shoulder with a black Cross, and so significant for no man is elected a knight without having first won the honor by high service.

Special to this procession was the bearing of the Pontiffs different tiaras upon cushions by members of his ecclesiastical household, and the presence of the "Penitentiaries of the Holy Jubilee," theologians invested with special powers to deal with reserved cases of conscience, and carrying long wands, bound about the base with fresh flowers, to signify their ministry of justice adorned with the fairness of mercy and indulgence.

It seems as if the procession had been passing for a long time and the Holy Father is not yet in sight; but he must be drawing near for now the ranks of the Bishops begin, wearing vestments of white and gold, and white mitres upon their heads; mingled with them are the Bishops and Patriarchs of the Oriental rites, with long hair and beards and strange rich garments.

Now the Cardinals begin, similarly clad in white and gold. There is something dazzling about the splendor and luminous quality of the array. What a class of men are these, the hierarchy of the Church! One is scarcely able to distinguish one from the other; but, suddenly, the tall figure, so much bent now, of one whose presence thrilled us in past years, and we scarcely dare to breathe his name as he passes at close range: "Cardinal Mercier of Beligum!"... Then there is the figure of one who passes with hands folded palm to palm, and his lips moving in prayer; strange, in that crowd, in that hum of murmuring, eager human beings, he is praying—Cardinal John Bonzano.

AND now something does really happen at the door. It is the great portal of St. Peter's, wide open and unobstructed, and suddenly filling it—is a great, high chair, the waving of the white "*flabelli*" on either side, and the crowd catches fire: "The Pope! Here is the Pope!" It may be all wrong, but it is magnificent and one is caught in the tide of it: "*Il Papa. Viva il Papa! . . . Evviva, Evviva!*"... And hands reach out to him, and hands wave handkerchiefs, and some fall upon their knees, but the straining of almost all, is upward. The great chair oscillates upon the very threshold, framed in the rectangle of light, and just above it, from the gallery, crashes down the soul-rending call of the silver bugles. To their salutation of Peter, cheers, storms of cheers respond. The procession advances at less than foot-pace, you can not yet distinguish his face; you only see that he is blessing, and passing through an extraordinarily great ovation.

The procession has to cross one of those broad beams of light which so often cut obliquely the soft penumbra of St. Peter's, and the *sedia gestatoria*, with the Pontiff upon it, enters a focus



THE POPE PASSING THROUGH THE HOLY DOOR

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of dazzling light. It would be difficult to describe this rutilant burst of glory,—the whole vision becomes one white flame: snow-white of the garments repulsing the light, gold of the tiara and ornaments, become so many suns, and the face lost in a glory. What an image of the Transfiguration upon the Mount, and what a suggestion of the last coming of the Son of Man! There is something so striking in the glorification, something so suggestive and awe-inspiring, that persons present who believe neither in the Catholic Church nor in the Supremacy of Peter, speak of it afterwards as of the most impressive sight they saw. For one moment God seemed to give a sign of how exalted and how sacred is the majesty of His Representative on earth.

THE procession passes on. That gleam, as of a monstern turned in the sunlight, when the priest blesses, was but a moment and soon ended. Yet as the monumental group of the *sedia* and its carriers, the *flabelli*, the Swiss bearing the gigantic "flaming swords," and the Chamberlains in Spanish capes, are in front of us, a halt is made, and for one long, wonderful moment I see Pius XI as I have never seen him before. He is at two or three yards from me, lifted clear from all that surrounds him, and I see his face with extraordinary distinctness, in profile, clean-cut as a cameo. I did not know before that he has a beautiful face, though I have seen him many times.

He was quite pale, and he was looking up with steady, quiet eyes and lips parted. It was clear that he had been under strong emotion, the countenance was intensely expressive still, and there was a look upon it that suddenly shook my soul with a gust of unshed tears. I could not take my eyes from it, and the awe of an unspeakable reverence came over me. Here was transfiguration: the face of a seer, the face of an angel, the face of one who, in some mystic way, shares the Passion of Christ.

THE carriers moved and the chair swayed; he looked down upon the crowd, and again lifted his hand in benediction. There was nothing else I wanted to look at. The procession went slowly up to the high altar and around it to the throne. The *Te Deum* was finished, the liturgical prayers said, and again one of those long intervals occurred during which the crowd wondered what was being done.

After a brief rest it was evident that the Holy Father was ascending the chair again, and that he was being brought back, around the altar by the south transept. The clapping, cheering and waving broke forth afresh, as he was carried through the

dense loyal crowds. The *Sedia*, having reached the main nave, was set down just in front of the "Confession," facing the people, so that the beholder caught in one marvellous group, the high altar under the baldachin, the bronze statue of St. Peter, the balustrade of the immortal shrine where the Fisherman rests under the dome, and the living Peter in front of them all.

A deep, deep silence fell upon the crowd as he stood up. A movable platform was placed before the chair and Monsignor Respighi ascended to arrange the Pontiffs robes, and a Cardinal to hold the open book. Then the Prince Assistant, for one moment, to kneel and remove the fald-stool. And still in that unbroken and crystal-like silence, we heard the clear voice float through the hushed spaces of the basilica: *Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini*. Loud, many-noted, in resonant voices of men, several thousand strong, the chanted answer went up like a shot: *Qui fecit coelum et terram*. Then, slowly, clearly, in accents that lingered on the soft air: *Benedicat vos, omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus*.

ONE tried to kneel in the throng as the large arm traced the three big Signs widely in the air. And, as he resumed his seat, some stentorian voice in the crowd broke forth: "*Viva il Papa!*" It was the signal for cheers to begin again and the procession came down the aisle with a certain swing of joy. The Holy Father was blessing right and left; his face had resumed its normal color and expression, and the people beheld him with so much joy that as he went, they moved with the procession to keep near the beloved form of the Father and Pastor. We went with the rest, and were caught in the thick of a rush made by Irish and French ecclesiastical students, pressing forward to cheer the Pope, and following him to the very bottom of the basilica where the procession turned and went under the great crimson hangings that screened off the Cappella della Pietà. Just as he was about to disappear, the Holy Father turned in his chair, looking toward the crowd, and gave his blessing once more. This last blessing, imparted so deliberately, somehow seemed the most precious of all. The clock-hands, out on the sunlit piazza, marked the quarter after one.

Since Holy Scripture can be explained in a multiplicity of senses, one should adhere to a particular explanation only in such measure as to be ready to abandon it, if it be proved with certainty to be false; lest Holy Scripture be exposed to the ridicule of unbelievers, and obstacles be placed to their believing.—ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

St. Patrick

Ireland's Apostle as Scholar and Author

By ELEANOR ROGERS COX



HERE seems a special fitness in the fact that St. Patrick's Day and the birth-day of spring come so closely together. For there is a spring-like freshness in the devotion which gathers around the name of Erin's chief apostle: a devotion that has grown and spread until the outer circle of its influence embraces people of all faiths and no faith whatever.

Everywhere there is generous and warm-hearted concession of Patrick's right to the fealty of all right-thinking men and women; and if the children of the Island he loved hail him as Apostle of the World, few, if any, will rise to challenge the golden boast.

Now to account for this, so to say, world-popularity, various reasons have been offered; the most plausible being that Ireland, at first mother of missionaries by choice, was afterwards through bleak centuries forced to that role of unequalled persecution: that these exiles—lay and clerical—carried Patrick's name, as a sacred slogan with them wherever they ventured; so planting practically throughout the globe the seed of the Saint's veneration and the legend of his might.

But, accepting this as a logical explanation of the world-wide flowering of the devotion, we are brought up to the question of its original justification. Holy, just, valorous, wise—first to bring the Faith-light in full measure to Eireann—confounder of idols, founder of churches—all these St. Patrick was. And more—something that trebly endeared him to that learning-avid land—a scholar sympathetic with scholarship; a man of letters great-minded enough to respect the cultural heritage of that Celtic people; and god-like enough to infuse it with the living flame of pure Christianity. This facet of his character, too often lost sight of in the general luminousness of his marvellous achievement, was, beyond doubt, the completing factor in that achievement.

Well-meaning panegyrists of the Saint, only superficially acquainted with his story, have sometimes sought to swell his praise by dwelling on the rudeness of the civilization he encountered in Ireland. One New York newspaper, in its 1924 St. Patrick's Day editorial, lauding the great bishop, spoke of the "savage Irish king," whom he defied

at Tara. The knowledge—if, as is improbable, the writer possessed it—that this particular High King reigned in the fifth century, evidently bore no illumination for him. Yet this century, which saw the disruption of the Roman Empire, also saw Ireland advancing in her native pursuit of learning and in the assimilation by her scholars of classic knowledge stemming back to Greece and Rome. The reason for the latter acquisition, beyond all others, was the martial spirit of her people, their daring on the high seas, which carried them triumphantly to other lands fronting on the Atlantic, thence to wrest such treasure of learning or treasure of humankind as seemed best worth having.

WE know that it was in such a raid Miline of Ulster wrested the young Patrick away from his peaceful home in Gaul and brought him to his Northern stronghold. Not yet sixteen, the boy had no gift of scholarship to give him place among the always-swelling host of teachers, so Miline set him to the herding of his cattle. Harsh as such a fate might seem, it had its alleviations; its opportunities for soul-growth such as the youth's more sheltered home life could not have given him. On these Antrim hillsides, under the changing skies, reflection and prayer companioned his loneliness; and as with the years' increase he came to acquaintanceship with the people of the country, his spirit was gradually imbued with that sentiment which has throughout the ages so irresistibly influenced strangers to Eire—he became more Irish than the natives. He spoke their language and he shared their dreams.

So when a chance of escape back to the Continent came to him, he seized it, only to devote the immediate subsequent years to perfecting himself in all the requirements, spiritual and intellectual, necessary to a successful practicing of the Gospel among the Western Celts. His chief tutors in virtue and learning were St. Martin and St. Germanus. Indeed it has been often averred that St. Patrick's mother, Conchessa, was a niece of the soldier-saint of Tours; hence Patrick's resort to him for protection and guidance, directly upon his landing in Gaul, somewhere about the year 393. In St. Fiacc's metrical life of Ireland's apostle, it is told that he studied the canons with St. Germanus, that the angel sent him across the Alps, and that he staid in the islands of the Tyrrene Sea.

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CERTAIN it is that it was a churchman armored with every best quality of heart and mind whom Pope Celestine, in the year 432, commissioned to preach the gospel to the people of Ireland. At Tara, seat of the High King Laoghaire, he found confronting him the chief Druids of the country gathered there to celebrate the principal Druidical feast of the year. Patrick challenged their wrath and asserted his Christianity by lighting his Paschal fire at Slane, in defiance of the Druidical edict forbidding the lighting throughout the country, at that season, of any fire save their own.

As we know, in the issue which he thus forced upon the men of magic, he triumphed again and again; and that attack on their practices was but the beginning of his uncompromising warfare on the tenets of Druidism. Intrenched and powerful as the order was, a superhuman wisdom and courage were required for its undoing. The demonstration of both qualities by the new Light-bringer strengthened his cause immeasurably with that war-like people, and he encountered slight secular opposition to his destruction of the idols of Magh Slecht in Leitrim or kindred pagan shrines.

BUT while making such unrelenting war on the arts and artifices of paganism, his sympathetic comprehension of the people's sentiments led him to deal gently with their yet lingering superstitions. So the old Druidic festivals became feast days of the holy Saints; where pagan sacrifices had been offered, Christian churches arose; wells and rivers redolent of ancient magics were blessed; Druids who had renounced their delusions and been baptized were even encouraged to take Holy Orders.

Close in power to the Druids whom they probably surpassed in the affectionate allegiance of the islanders came the Order of Bards. As the lyrical expositionists of a martial people, they might have been excused for looking with coldness, if not hostility, on the protagonist of a Gospel which proclaimed Peace as God's chief blessing to man. Something more than prudence, more than evangelical zeal, was required for their winning over to the new dispensation. Here, too, it was that supremely leavening quality of Patrick's nature—sympathy—which laid the basis of happy mutual understanding. Indeed it is not too much to say that only one on whose own spirit Poetry had laid her illumining chrism could have brought about that bardic coöperation with Patrick's plans for his Master's honor which so helped and cheered him on his way. Dubthach, the Arch-Poet of Ireland, became not only his firm supporter, but helped to select for the priesthood, from the ranks of the younger bards, such as displayed suitable qualifica-

tions for the Christian ministry. So it was that the youthful poet, Fiacc, who, as we have seen, later became Patrick's metrical biographer, was ordained by the Saint's own hand. The legend of St. Patrick's conversations with Ireland's first great poet, Ossian, beautiful as it is, lies of course outside the bounds of serious biography.

Thus, gradually, with such firmness and wise grace did Patrick establish the reign of Jesus Christ throughout the entire land. Highly contributive too to this supreme accomplishment was his reform of the Brehon Code in all that conflicted with the tenets of Christianity. These laws, embodying the governing principles of Ireland's patriarchal system, ran back to the very beginning of things Milesian; therefore, to assist in the delicate work of revising them, Saint Patrick invited the coöperation of a Council of Nine—three Kings, three Bishops, three Men of Science. The findings of this council were embodied in the *Senchus Mor*, that distinguished compendium of Ireland's ancient wisdom and civilization, made fairly clear for latter-day students through the labors of O'Donovan and O'Curry.

AS the fruition of his prayers, his preaching, his fasting, showed everywhere in the deep spiritual reaction of the people, Patrick, in the twilight of his years, set himself to the task of writing his *Confessions*—the *Book of St. Patrick the Bishop*—which has the distinction of being the first autobiography in Irish literature, as it is certainly one of the most edifying in any literature. Its text was preserved in the *Book of Armagh*, where it is described as the volume written by Patrick's own hand: "*Huc usque volumen quod Patricius manu conscripsit sua.*" This modest summation of his life and work is prefaced by an acknowledgment of his hesitancy in setting it down, subjecting him as it might to the pecking of the literary daws of his day. Remembering the oblivion that has engulfed these meticulous ones, there is for us a smile in that ingenuous apologia. The work, undertaken, as its author wrote, to dispel certain misunderstandings, gave identifying details of his parentage and childhood, and showed, how, the Will of the Holy Spirit once revealed to him, he had followed straight as Paul of Tarsus of old, its leading through all besetting discouragements and dangers.

The result, as set forth in the later part of the *Confessions*, was the visible salvation of the people who next to his Creator had the deepest love of his soul. "The sons of the Scots (i.e. the Irish) and the daughters of their princes became monks and virgins of Christ. Not by compulsion, but even against the wishes of their parents, and the number of holy maidens and continent widows were bound-

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less." His one most earnest prayer is for perseverance in his mission and that the people whom he had won for Christ may continue faithful.

Another work held to be the composition of the Saint—a claim substantiated by its frequent similarities in matter and style to the *Confessions*—is the *Epistle to Coroticus*. This, though not preserved in the *Book of Armagh*, appears in several Irish Mss. of the tenth century, and embodies Patrick's indignant remonstrances to a neighboring king who had invaded Ireland's eastern coast, with much resulting slaughter and the taking of captives. Finding his appeals and admonishments to Coroticus fall unheeded, Patrick's anguish for the captives breaks into passionate bewailment. "Oh! my most beautiful and most loving brothers and children, whom in countless numbers I have begotten for Christ, what shall I do for you? Am I so unworthy before God and man that I cannot help you? Is it a crime to have been born in Ireland? And have we not the same God as they have? I sorrow for you—yet I rejoice—for if you are taken from the world, you were believers through me and have gone to Paradise." The epistle concludes with a hope that the ravagers will be yet moved to penance and restoration of their hapless captives to their native Erin.

TO their Patron Saint too, the Irish people owe their first hymn in the Irish language—all ways preferred to Latin as a literary medium by Patrick—the *Lorica* or *Shield of St. Patrick*. Translated as it has been by eminent Gaelic scholars, themselves authentic poets, this hymn is the most widely-known of Patrick's writings. In it is reflected the Saint's comprehension of the dangers that awaited him in his mission, especially his peril from the far-famed magic powers of the Druids. In point of time this composition naturally far antedates all other extant writings of the Saint. From Alfred Perceval Graves' capable translation, we give the last stanza, as fairly illustrative of the whole:

May Christ on my way
To Tara to-day
Shield me from poison,
Shield me from fire,
Drowning or wounding
By enemy's ire,
So that mighty fruition
May follow my mission.
Christ behind and before me,
Christ beneath me and o'er me,
Christ within and without me,
Christ with me and about me,

Christ on my left and Christ on my right,
Christ with me at morn and Christ with me at night;
Christ in each heart that shall ever take thought of me,
Christ in each mouth that shall ever speak aught of me;
Christ in each eye that shall ever on me fasten,
Christ in each ear that shall ever to me listen.

I invoke upon my path
To the king of Ireland's rath,
The Almighty power of the Trinity;
Through belief in the Threeness,
Through confession of the Oneness
Of the Maker's Eternal Divinity.

The hymn as set down by Patrick's hand, is yet chanted by Gaelic-speaking peasantry of western and southern Ireland, as a sacred charm against perils of all kinds. So it is stated, in the *Book of Armagh*, it has been chanted from the eighth century. Indeed in the *Book's* definition of the rightful honors due the Saint, it is implicitly stated that "his Irish canticle is to be always sung"—a command which would seem to effectually confirm its genuineness.

In the *Book of Armagh*, too, there is a section given to the "Sayings of St. Patrick," such as: "I had the fear of God as the guide of my way through Gaul and Italy, and also in the islands which are in the Tyrhene Sea." . . . "At every hour of prayer it is fitting to sing that word of praise,— 'Lord have mercy on us, Christ have mercy on us.' . . . "Deo Gratias" (thanks to God) always the Saint's welcoming word for tidings of good or ill. Indeed so great was Patrick's fondness for these last two prayers that he made it a rule they should be sung in the Liturgy of all Irish Churches, a practice since extended to the Church Universal.

WHILE the writings here listed are all that remain to evidence Patrick's literary gift, we can estimate from them how potent that gift was to enforce his appeal to the Celtic intelligence, and how potent it remained as a guiding influence in the work and lives of his disciples and his ecclesiastical successors. Unquestionably it was the fellow-feeling born of that endowment that bade him spare, wherever conscientiously possible, the ancient Celtic annals and poetic compositions that a more intolerant spirit would have consigned to destruction. How much Wonder and Beauty was so saved, to be carried wheresoever the globe-circling Celt trod, we cannot now even dream. But that it forms an integral element of the cultural heritage of mankind there may be no sane doubt.

On the Damascus Road

No. I. In St. Paul and The Sacred Passion

By FRANCIS SHEA, C. P.

Stephen said.... Which of the prophets has not your fathers persecuted?.... They have slain them who foretold the coming of the Just One, of whom you have been now the betrayers and murders.... Hearing these things, they were cut to the heart.... Casting him forth, they stoned him; and the witnesses laid down their garments at the feet of a young man named Saul.... And Saul was consenting to his death.... Saul, as yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went to the high priest and asked him for letters to Damascus.... that if he found any men or women of this way, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem.... It came to pass that he drew nigh to Damascus.... Suddenly a light from heaven shined round about him. And falling on the ground, he heard a voice saying to him: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Who said: "Who art thou, Lord?" And He: "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."... Trembling and astonished, he said: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"... And he preached Jesus.... that He is the Son of God.—Acts of the Apostles.

THE dazzling splendor of the Vision had struck Paul from his horse. He lay by the road-side, blinded, broken and defeated. Most learned in the Law, favored by the highest authorities in Jewry, of boundless ambition and superhuman energy, he lay helpless, doomed to spend a futile existence in blind, unmitigated hate. He had opposed "the Sign of Contradiction" and he had fallen before it; he had fallen on "this Stone" and he was "broken in pieces." The march of the centuries would have passed over him and buried him in nameless oblivion, or at most preserved his memory in a melancholy confession of defeat.

"In the rash lustihood of my young powers
I shook the pillaring hours
And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream."(1)

But the Vision had a Voice. "And he heard a Voice saying to him: 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?'" Gentle enquiry and mild reproach are blended in those accents of love. Could Power, so swift and sure, speak thus to the insolent weak-

ness that defied it? Could Power delay its revenge to tease its victim with words of mock tenderness? "Who art thou, Lord?" he asks. And the Voice, now a Power, the irresistible Voice of Love, answers "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

All history, all God's gracious dealings with His chosen people are here brought to a point, enacted in the single soul of Paul. There is the blinding glory—the fear, terror, prostration—of God's manifestations of Himself. "They saw the glory of the Lord as a burning fire," they beheld the Vision of His greatness, they were dazzled with signs and wonders and miracles. But they heard not, or if they heard, they heeded not the Voice of the Vision—the Voice that was insistent in claiming their love and plaintive in their refusal to give it. They could not believe that such Power could possess such a Voice.

THEN the Word became Flesh. He would no longer be a terrifying Vision but a tender human person with a Voice His very own. They heard His Voice inconceivably tender and persuasive, but—they demanded signs of His Power. The world's greatest paradox—they had witnessed His Power but would not believe His Voice, while now they heard His Voice but would not believe His Power. They could not see that God's Power is simply Love omnipotent and His Love simply Power irresistible.

In that one moment of vision, Paul's mind achieved a synthesis of both—for him Power and Love were henceforth expressed in the one figure—Jesus Christ Crucified, the Power of God and the Wisdom of God. Let the Jews seek signs and wonders. He had received the Sign—the Sign of the Cross. It was no arbitrary choice of his nor an expression of his individual taste that the Cross should have captivated his mighty intellect and subdued his rebellious will. The Savior of the world Himself laid down the plan of Redemption. "And I, if I be lifted up, shall draw all things to Myself." Power can create a world and cast down the mighty, but only Love can create a new heart and raise up the lowly to do great things. Power struck down Saul, the Persecutor, but it was Love that raised up Paul, the Apostle of the Crucified. Jesus whom Saul persecuted, became the Jesus whom Paul preached.

(1) Francis Thompson. "Hound of Heaven."

Categorica

Set Forth in News and Opinions

Edited by N. M. LAW

SOME SPEED

Ruskin tersely defined wanderlust: "Wherever we are, to be somewhere else." When the bicycle first appeared he condemned it saying, "You can't improve on God's appointed way of walking by substituting an improved cart-wheel." Imagine the consternation of this dear old reactionary had he survived to read this society note in the *Brooklyn Eagle*:

Mrs. George A. Ellis, Jr., of Bayshore, L. I., [1] motored to Fassifern Farm, Hot Springs, Va., [1] yesterday for luncheon.

NATIVE GEOGRAPHY

Some of our fellow citizens insist on foregathering all our children into the Public School on the score of its peerless efficiency alone. We suspect the standard of that efficiency as we examine the points of criticism made by Cebie J. in the *Babylon Leader*:

I asked a pupil the other day, who will enter the High [1] School in a few months, to bound the town. He did better than I expected as he bounded it on three sides. The youth, a native of the township, said that he had completed geography. The State Board of Education is to blame for a system that does not provide for more thorough teaching of geography.

Any pupil before giving up Geography should be able to bound his village, town, county and State, and be able to tell the number of towns in the county and bound them. How many in High School can do this? Before being given the O K in history he should be able to recite a brief history of his native town. If he then has mastered the three R's he will be able to make his way intelligently through the world.

DOROTHY WENT TOO FAR

We are glad to reprint from *The Independent* this vivid editorial from a recent issue:

In these advanced days, it is considered almost as irreverent to deprecate anything that youth does as it used to be—and in China still is—to cavil at the goings on of the aged. But one cannot help wondering, sometimes, whether the boys and girls are not overstepping the limit. For instance, there was the young lady in San Francisco who has recently been mentioned in the public prints. Her name was Dorothy and she was sixteen years old. "Mother is dreadfully old-fashioned and strict," Dorothy wrote in her diary on July 10. "Why won't she even let me go to the movies with the other girls?" On August 24 she wrote: "Out on a hot-time party with Ben and the gang." On this occasion her mother, in her dreadfully old-fashioned way, spanked her. But Dorothy, though her conduct was not always what could be called exemplary, must be given credit for

a certain amount of patience. It was not until the middle of January that she got out the family pistol and shot her mother dead, after which, until the police caught up with her, she went to as many parties as she liked.

A few of the more liberal thinkers will see in this act little to condemn. Spanking, they will point out, is out-of-date. The tendency is all toward freedom and self-expression. When we restrain what seems to be waywardness in our offspring we may also be repressing and distorting some of their most valuable qualities. We all know or ought to know, what dreadful results are brought about by repression during the impressionable years. It may be argued that it was better for Dorothy to shoot her mother than to go around all the rest of her life suffering from an inhibited desire to do so. It may also be contended that contemporary parents who refuse to allow their sixteen-year-old daughters to go to the movies with the other girls should be perfectly well aware that they are meddling with a dangerous primeval force. They might as well go out and lie down on the railway track—or, to be up-to-the-minute, the State highway.

On the whole, however, and at the risk of appearing dreadfully old-fashioned and strict, one is obliged to conclude that Dorothy went too far. Parents still have some rights. The younger generation is perhaps entitled to make fun of them, for they are really ridiculously behind the times, but, except under the most unusual circumstances, it ought not to shoot them.

AT THE VATICAN

While France, supposedly a Catholic country, is withdrawing its embassy to the Vatican, England, supposedly Protestant, is maintaining its diplomatic relations with the Holy See. It is evident that the English are from a political view-point the wiser:

LONDON.—The United Protestant Council, which petitioned for the withdrawal of the British legation to the Holy See received a denial from the foreign secretary, Mr. Austin Chamberlain, this week.

Mr. Chamberlain's reply, sent through a secretary, stated: "The considerations in favor of the withdrawal of the legation from Rome, which you set forth in your letter, have not escaped the notice of his Majesty's government, but it had been decided that it would not at present be in the general interest to interrupt the relations which now exist between his Majesty's government and the Vatican."

NOT QUITE!

Presuming that there is a definite geographic line differentiating those Nordics, one might be led to inquire whether the Irish are included in that superior group. From the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune*:

"You're a Nordic, ain't you? I queries.

"Not me," answers Finnegan. "I look that way on account of not having had much sleep last night."

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THE DAY OF DOOM

To what lengths of foolishness many people will go, at the words of self-inspired prophets, may be seen from this fact as stated by *Time*:

Arose, many moons ago, Mrs. Margaret Rowen, prophet of the reformed Seventh Day Adventist Church, to predict the world's end, saying: "My son will return on February 6, 1925. Proclaim it—proclaim it from the skies."

At Cleveland, in four small rooms at the rear of the Reformed Seventh Day Adventist Mission, middle aged women and young girls congregated to watch the unrelenting minutes burrow into the future. They wore no lace, no ornaments, not even their wedding rings; they painted not, neither did they powder; for, said one: "The gates of Heaven are not open to the gaudy slaves of fashion."

The Rev. Carl F. Woertz, pastor of the Mission, departed with some of his flock for California. All had disposed of their earthly belongings, except the clothes which they wore. Mrs. E. H. Frey, one of the departing flock, said: "The chosen—144,000—will be guided to California by a light. They will gather on a hill in the vicinity of Hollywood and there be saved."

Far away in the East, one Robert Reidt of East Patchogue, L. I., sold his properties, his household effects, his Long Island potatoes and what-nots. He planned with his family to be at the top of a high hill at the appointed hour on the day of doom.

PROHIBITION

Mr. Ernest W. Manderville is running a series of serious articles in *The Outlook* on the Farce or Triumph of Prohibition. His initial article contains this illuminating statement:

First let us consider whether or not it can be effectively enforced. At present the main difficulties are as follows: There are only 1,700 Federal prohibition agents to police this whole country. Many of these are engaged solely in the checking up of permits and standing guard at the breweries. The remainder are, as you can imagine, swamped in an effort to police the broad expanse of these United States. The enforcement support from the municipal, county, and State powers, which is counted on in the Amendment, has largely failed to materialize. In some sections practically all the enforcement is left to the handful of Federal agents.

These Federal agents obtain their posts largely through political favor. The starting salary is \$1,680 a year, and does not increase to very much more. Naturally, not the highest type of men is attracted by a position paying this small wage (surely not skilled investigators). The arrangement invites the appointment of political "ward heelers" who want the jobs more for what they can "shake down" on the side than for the salary checks. Inefficiency and corruption are the certain consequences.

CANONIZATION

The Episcopalians, as a rule, are very nice and interesting people, but we've always had a sneaking suspicion that very few of them can think straight on religious matters:

LONDON.—It has been a jibe against the Church of England that she had no method of making a saint, though it might be a sufficient answer to say that we have been content to produce them," remarked the Archdeacon of Cleveland before the House of Clergy

of the Church Assembly at Church House, Westminster, today, in moving a resolution to defer revision of the calendar until the appointment of a commission to make a historical investigation into the beatification and canonization of saints.

A resolution to this effect was adopted. It involved the withdrawal of several amendments suggesting the insertion in the calendar of many names, including those of John Wesley, John Keble, Florence Nightingale, John Wycliffe, Archbishop Laud, Tertullian, Archbishop Parker, Catherine of Sienna, Archbishop Cranmer, Charles, King and Martyr and King Henry VI.

A LOOSE TONGUE

We know that none of our women readers need the warning of Magistrate Doyle; but we copy this news-item that they may have it handy for Mrs. Next Door:

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Mrs. Mary Flynn of Ocean Avenue, Hamilton Beach, Queens, talked herself out of judicial sympathy in the Jamaica police court yesterday. For twenty minutes she discussed what she considered her husband's shortcomings before Magistrate Doyle, interrupting at times both her spouse and the Court. She had brought a charge of non-support against her husband, John, a brakeman for the New York Central Railroad.

"Madam," said Judge Doyle, "it's a terrible death to be talked to death. Many a man of vigorous constitution and strong mind has succumbed to it. I started out with full sympathy for you and none for your husband, but after listening to you I am beginning to think that the wrong is not all on your husband's part."

FREAK LEGISLATION

The Catholic Standard and Times makes this salient thrust:

A member of the Nebraska legislature sponsors a bill providing for the automatic annulment of all marriages that are not blessed with offspring within three years of the wedding day. To all appearances the very height of absurdity and intolerable paternalism has been reached by this strange proposal, which constitutes an invasion of personal rights such as would hardly be thought of under bolshevistic rule. State interference could not be pushed farther. It seems incredible that anyone who has breathed the air of liberty could advocate a scheme of this nature savoring of slavery and reducing man to a mere tool of the State.

The dignity of human personality consists in this, that man may never, not even by the State, be used merely as a means for some ulterior purpose. All eugenistic proposals, of which the above scheme is one, forget this important point and treat man as though he belonged entirely to organized society and possessed no inviolable rights of his own. They ignore that finer side of his nature which lifts him above the level of the brute creation and makes it impossible to apply to him the methods that may be legitimately used when dealing with the latter. There are things that are too sacred for State regulation and too intimately personal for legislative interference.

It is not to be feared that this grotesque bill will be enacted into law. Thanks to the good sense possessed by the bulk of our lawmakers, it will remain a curiosity testifying to the strange twist in the mentality of its originator. Withal, it bespeaks a tendency all too common in modern public life and needing very careful watching, if it is not gradually and imperceptibly to bring us what has aptly been termed the "servile state."

The Church in South America

A Catholic Englishman's Personal Observations

By C. S. COSBY OAKES



THE Catholic Church in Latin-American countries is so often and so glibly misrepresented by 'our separated brethren' who sometimes succeed in misleading even Catholics, that it may be of interest to read the impressions of one who spent two years in Peru, several months in Chile, and made short visits to Panama, Brazil and Argentina. Some of the impressions are necessarily superficial, as they were gleaned in the course of visits of no more than a few days in Panama, Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires. In Chile, however, and still more in Peru, there was more time and opportunity for observation and the forming of definite opinions.

Setting forth from San Francisco for that fascinating voyage down the coast to Callao, I had considerable misgivings as to the state of affairs I might find in Peru, and I carried with me a plentiful supply of prejudice. Arriving at Panama early one Sunday morning, I took the trolley to the old Spanish city to hear Mass. It was half-past eight, and the policeman of whom I enquired my way to a church informed me that I was too late, there were no more Masses. A passer-by, however, told me that at nine the Bishop of X would be at Mass in the Church of *Las Mercedes*; so thither I went, thankful to exchange the torrid streets for the cool bareness of the church with its glassless windows.

The edifice was already packed, but a well-dressed negro courteously insisted on giving me his place. Intense silence reigned, broken only by the fluttering of fans by the women. As the procession of clergy entered, there came a burst of music from the gallery, produced chiefly by violins, flutes and drums. As the Mass proceeded I noticed that the only other white person in the church besides myself was the bishop. Seldom, however, have I seen a more reverent and devout congregation than were my colored fellow-Catholics.

The leisurely voyage is resumed, and next time I set foot on land, it is on the shores of Peru, at Callao. That first short half-hour's journey from Callao to Lima seems to leave an indelible impression on the minds of all who have made it. The train passes through fields of cotton and mandioca,

among which stand huge ruins of ancient Incaic fortresses, built of *adobe* before the Spaniards came. Lima is at last reached, and its wonderful *Plaza de Armas*, planted with royal palms, two sides surrounded with arcades, while the remaining two are occupied by the President's Palace and the venerable cathedral, is a sight the like of which is to be found in few if any of the cities of the world.

In the morning the cathedral bells, mellow and sonorous, call the faithful to Mass and I, too, hurried thither and entered just as Tierce was ending and the High Mass was about to begin. Once more I was pleasantly surprised by the devotional manner in which the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated; and let me say at once that that was my invariable experience, even in the tiny mud churches of the remotest villages up in the Andes.

AS I became acquainted with the British and American residents, I began to hear more generalities concerning the 'awful condition of the Romish Church' in South America, but I found that the statements were in general absolutely unbacked by any first-hand knowledge, and the few I was able to trace had their origin in the irresponsible chatterings of a certain type of young South American who likes to prove his 'up-to-date-ness' by appearing to Europeans as immoral and atheistical, and by telling spicy stories about priests and religious. Even such an one, however, rarely misses his Easter duties or even his Sunday Mass, though with regard to the latter he will tell his Protestant friends that he only goes to look at the girls! The American 'missionaries' carefully collate these chatterings and send them home, where they duly appear in various publications.

I soon learned that the Peruvians were great church-goers. On week-days the Masses were well attended, while on Sundays, when Mass follows Mass from five or six in the morning until mid-day (and in one church, at least, until one o'clock), the numerous churches are thronged. The one exception was the cathedral, and I never could understand why that beautiful church with its stately liturgical services was so poorly attended, except for special sermons during Lent and Advent.

One week-day, about the time when all the work-

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shops and offices close for lunch and siesta, I happened to enter the Dominican church of Santo Domingo, and to my surprise it was almost full of employees and Mass was being said. What was still more surprising was the large number of communicants at so late an hour, yet this was no exception to the general rule. Oftentimes later I attended that luncheon-hour Mass. Always there was the crowded congregation, largely composed of men, and always a large number of communicants.

One morning I went into the church of Saint Peter and encountered a most interesting spectacle. In the chapel of St. Francis Xavier were gathered some thirty to forty Japanese, while a Father was addressing them volubly in their own tongue. Five of them sat on a bench in front of the others, and from time to time asked questions of the priest. These were, I was afterwards told, under instruction and hoping for Baptism at no distant date. Similar signs of religious activity were continually to be noticed by anyone frequenting the principal churches of Lima.

In considering the Church in South America, it is necessary to remember what a mixture of races is being dealt with, and, taking into consideration the fact that in all Latin-American countries the European stock is heavily diluted with Negro or Indian blood, one cannot be surprised if such qualities as morality, honor, humanity and sincerity are rarer than at home. Yet these are the very qualities which I have invariably found among the clergy, both regular and secular, and the few nuns I have had the honor of meeting.

It is true that in some out-of-the-way parishes far up in the Andes, one finds a certain spirit of indolence and *laissez-aller*, but I look upon this as a relic of former days when the Church was the only religion and the laws forbade the entry of Protestant missionaries into the country. In larger towns, and in some country districts now, American Protestant missionaries are doing their best to destroy the faith of the natives, and the Church is rising valiantly to the occasion and the efforts of the native clergy are ably seconded by a number of foreign Regulars who are doing splendid work in education and stemming the tide of religious indifference.

IN the interior of Peru, one finds oneself in a world at least three centuries behind the present, and if this has its disadvantages, it has no less its charms. On one occasion, up on the high plateaux towards Colcabamba (Silver City), after three nights spent in the open, we perceived, some distance ahead of us, a small cavalcade, and, glad of the

prospect of company on the way, we gave spur to our mules and soon began to overtake them. As soon as they perceived our approach they awaited us. The party consisted of four people and five mules. The first was a swarthy Indian wrapped in his poncho and carrying a sort of short, processional cross; the second and third were Peruvian Franciscan Friars, the elder one a bishop, the other his secretary, while the rear was brought up by another mounted Indian who drove before him a mule laden with the baggage for the bishop's visitations.

As I kissed his ring he expressed surprise at meeting a Catholic 'Gringo,' and invited us to remain with his cortège as long as our ways should lie together. About a mile from Colcabamba we saw a solitary horseman waiting on the road before us who, as soon as he recognized the bishop, fired his gun in the air and spurred off to the town. Another shot was heard directly afterwards and then faintly, but growing stronger as we approached, the booming and clanging of church bells. Our entry was triumphal, all the population being present in the Plaza as we clattered in over the cobbles, while the church bells crashed overhead and the Indians let off deafening salvos of fire-crackers.

Mass in this little out-of-the-way town with its mud church was, as everywhere in Peru, celebrated most devoutly, though the Indian custom of clambering on to the side altars to kiss the images of the saints was always rather distracting. To describe one small Sierra town with its mud houses and mud church is to describe them all. Dirt and disorder are everywhere, the people indolent and generally careless, but the church is the least dirty and the least disorderly building that is to be found in these places.

In Huanta we found a very different state of things. Before reaching the town we were struck by the aspect of tidiness which the cemetery presented, and still more by the notices on the gates forbidding funeral parties to introduce intoxicating liquor into the cemetery. Once in the town I was further struck by the well-kept appearance of the church, the interior of which was as spotless and orderly as the outside, while further notices appeared on the doors requesting the Indians to refrain from climbing upon the altars. On the Sunday, High Mass, accompanied by very tolerably rendered plain-song, was a delight to eye and ear. A vigorous sermon in fluent Quechua to a congregation mostly composed of Indians, showed that their instruction was not neglected. The Indians themselves looked better off than in any other district I had visited. But the reason was apparent the

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moment the priest intoned the first *Dominus vobiscum*, for he spoke his Latin with an unmistakable French accent, and in fact, as they told me afterwards, the parish had been intrusted to the care of a community of French Redemptorists who had worked wonders with the unpromising Indian material.

When one considers that only some twenty years back those same Indians had risen, massacred the white population and held a mock religious procession robed in sacerdotal vestments and carrying on a pike the head of a murdered bishop, the achievement of the Redemptorists seems simply miraculous. No doubt the severe punitive measures adopted by the Peruvian Government were not ineffectual, but these measures could hardly account for the change of spirit which seems to have been wrought upon the Indians of Huanta. The zeal of those French Fathers must be wellnigh irresistible, for within three weeks of their arrival at Huanta they had mastered enough Quechua to preach simple sermons to the Indians!

BUT it must not be supposed that only the foreign clergy have the apostolic spirit. Ayacucho, where we lived for nearly a year, was entirely served by native clergy, and very well served too. One Sunday I determined to hear Mass at 4 a.m. in the church of the *Descalzos*. Contrary to my expectations, the church was packed, most of the congregation being composed of Indians, and during the Mass a Friar conducted prayers and strange lilting Quechua hymns from the pulpit. At the Consecration, Indians outside the doors let off salvoes of the inevitable fire-crackers.

The Friars, and in fact all the regular clergy, are held throughout Peru in the greatest respect, especially those whose work lies among the Cholos, most unpromising material, brutalised by drink and chewing the coca-leaf, whose conversion to anything approaching a Christian existence must seem almost hopeless. Yet vocations are not rare among them, and in the Sierra most of the lay-brothers are Cholos, whilst those on the coast are mostly Negritos. In the monastery at Ayacucho dwelt the saintly old bishop whom we had met on our journeyings. He had resigned his see and spent his life travelling about conducting visitations for the actual Bishop of Ayacucho and evangelising the Cholos whenever he passed their villages. At times he would return to Ayacucho from the hot country, racked with fever, yet as soon as he could sit in his saddle he would be off once more, hoping, as he said, to find one day the road to heaven.

Perhaps the greatest foe against which the clergy in Peru have to contend is intemperance. The bad

custom of offering *copitas* (small tumblers of raw spirits) on every conceivable occasion, and the convention which makes it a mortal insult to refuse, makes temperance a difficult virtue to attain. So prevalent is the disorder that it is no longer looked upon with the same horror as it would be in Europe. I have seen, both in Peru and in Chile, men by the dozen in ballrooms in a decidedly tipsy condition which seemed to cause little enough comment, though on one occasion a young Chilean lady told me that, though 'Gringos' were inferior dancers to Chileans, she always preferred dancing with foreigners as they never came tipsy to a dance! Wedding feasts and funerals, especially among the Indians, are often made the excuse for orgies of drinking. *Chicha*, a native beer, is a healthful, refreshing and almost non-alcoholic liquor, but the crude white rum, dirt cheap and everywhere obtainable, has done much to degrade the Indians.

A pretty custom I came across at Ayacucho about Christmas time. Attending an earlier Mass than usual in the dignified cathedral, I was surprised to hear an unmistakable Indian lullaby being sung, with its haunting minor lilting tune and long, quavering verse-endings. The time was accompanied by the jingling of tiny bells and rattles, beating on triangles, and a sort of bubbling music made by blowing into water through a straw. The Mass was just beginning at an altar beside the crib, and the meaning of it all suddenly dawned upon me. It was the *Misa del Nino*, the Mass of the Child, and the lullabies were to coax the Infant Jesus to slumber and the toys and rattles to amuse Him.

ONE more picture before we leave Peru, a picture that I have not seen with my own eyes, but which has often been described to me. Down in the hot country by the rivers which water the mighty Amazonian forests, is the Apostolic Colony. These devoted Franciscan Friars, chiefly Peruvians and Spaniards, pass their lives among the wild tribes of the jungle. Two and two they journey through the wilds carrying the bare requisites for Mass, facing continual danger from the swarming snakes and poisonous insects, from jaguars and pumas, from head-hunters and cannibals, from the fearful agues, fevers and black vomit and from starvation, accidents and floods. Their only earthly reward is the joy of their reception when they reach a Christian tribe; yet these heroic Friars wage their crusade against the forces of ignorance and superstition and against the ill-treatment of the natives by brutal rubber-hunters, among whom not a few are Europeans.

Once in a while the Friars return to the Colony

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to rest and be nursed back to approximate health, and then they return to their labors until they fall victims to one or other of the dangers of the forest. There is a little graveyard at the Colony, but it is seldom used. Most of the Frairs leave their bones in the forests. After a year's absence a crucifix is placed in their stall in choir, the usual requiems are celebrated, and another rises up to take the place of the missing Father. Is a country which produced such heroes as these past praying for?

In Chile I found less of the physical disadvantages and none of the charm of Peru. The race is for the most part a mixture of European, Indian and Negro, though there is considerably less Negro blood in the Chileans than in some of the other Central and South Americans.

The Church here, as everywhere, seems splendidly organized, the native clergy being 'stiffened' by many French and Italian Regulars. The churches are cleaner, but in style and decoration more modern and less pleasing than the Peruvian ones. In Chile one notices that the men are far less fervent Catholics than in Peru, and the Church has a hard task to defend herself against the encroachments of the State. The difference in spirit of the two nations is most marked. The Peruvians freely admit their short-comings and their inefficiency in material things, and hope for a great white immigration to increase their energy and help them to combat the enervating effects of their climate. The Chileans, on the other hand, possess rather more of the outward trappings of modern civilization than the Peruvians, yet are never tired of telling how extremely advanced and modern and cultured they are.

AFTER four or five months I was not sorry to take the long journey by the Trans-Andine Railway to Buenos Aires, where I spent an interesting week. The Argentinos are quite the whitest of all the South American peoples. In such a large and modern city as Buenos Aires I was more than surprised to find so wretched a cathedral, quite the poorest I had seen in South America. Some of the

newer churches, however, are large and splendid. Close behind my hotel was the Basilica of the Most Holy Sacrament whose doors remain open night and day, the interior brilliantly lighted and the Blessed Sacrament perpetually exposed. One of the Fathers attached to the church sits continually in his confessional, so that the sinner at whatever hour of day or night, who may be suddenly inspired to seek forgiveness, need not waste a moment of his inspiration or lose courage whilst waiting for an answer to the sacristy bell. The priest who showed me over the church told me that often hopeless souls, wandering in the night, had entered the church more for a few moments' rest than from any devotion, yet after some time in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, would be impelled to enter the confessional and start afresh with hope renewed.

Once more on board ship and a day of smooth steaming takes us across the Rio de la Plata to Monte Video, where we stay a few hours, then Santos for a day, then Rio de Janeiro in its glorious bay, the most entrancingly beautiful situation I have ever seen.

The greatest ambition of Rio is to be modern, yet even this cannot spoil it, so exquisite are its surroundings, so exuberant the marvellous vegetation which flourishes everywhere. Alas, the modernisation of most of the churches has entirely spoiled them from an artistic or antiquarian point of view. Yet they were extremely well attended, and everywhere one saw unmistakable signs of great religious activity.

Once more on board, to beautiful and ancient Bahia, then Pernambuco, then once more across the Atlantic to Spain, France and then at last to England and home.

On looking back to those years spent in South America I cannot help feeling that the one indubitably 'going concern' there is the Catholic Church, and it is in her ranks that are to be found whatever goodness, honesty and morality exist in that continent.

Conscience

By HAMILTON CRAIGIE

Within my soul there was an empty room,
Swept cool and bare, and fragrant in the gloom,
When, through the lattice of my mind, the Sun
Bridged the frail darkness with His dusty loom.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communication of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGNPOST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, WEST HOBOKE*, N. J.

TO R. L.

Editor's Note: Questions of a strictly private and personal character should be presented to the Parish priest or to some priest in the confessional. R. L.'s query is too personal to be discussed in these columns. However, we might remark that he is not obliged to believe the woman; and hence apart from his sins he did not act wrongly.

GREEK CATHOLICS

(a) Is there any difference between the Catholics and the Greek Catholics? (b)....Do they come under the jurisdiction of the Pope? (c)....If a Greek studies for the Priesthood in this country and is ordained, is he allowed to marry?—M. A. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

In order that our readers may get a clear idea on the subject of Greek Catholics, we must preface our answer to the above questions by a few explanatory facts.

First, the Greek Church is not synonymous with the Oriental or Eastern Church. The Syrian Church is Oriental, but it is not Greek. The Armenian Church is Oriental, but it is not Greek. The Chaldean, Maronite and Coptic Churches are Oriental; they are not Greek.

By Greek Church we mean ordinarily all the churches that use the Byzantine Rite, whether these churches are in union with Rome or not. Hence Greek Church includes Greeks, Slavs, Rumanians, Georgians, etc. Note that the term "Greek Church" is used in a wide and inappropriate sense; for, of the fifteen or twenty Churches that follow the Byzantine Rite, only three are Greek by nationality. These three are the Church of the Hellenic kingdom, the Church of Cyprus, and the Church of Constantinople. And even this latter Church is not wholly Greek; it is made up of Greeks, Slavs, Rumanians and Albanians.

The Greek Churches—those namely, that follow the Byzantine Rite—are of two kinds: Orthodox and Uniate.

The Orthodox Greek Church claims to have the same body of doctrine as the primitive Church. As a matter of fact, however, the Orthodox Church is heterodox; it rejects Papal Infallibility, Papal Supremacy, Purgatory, the Immaculate Conception, etc. This Orthodox Greek Church is more commonly known as the Schismatic Greek Church.

The Uniate Greek Church professes the entire body of Catholic truth and is in communion with the Holy See. However, the Uniate Church is not confined to the Greek Church, but embraces the Ruthenian Church of Galicia, the Rumanian Church of Hungary, the Bulgarian Church of Turkish Bulgaria, the Melchite Church of Syria, the Georgian Church, the Italo-Greek Church—all Catholic in faith but Byzantine in Rite. Further, the Uniate Church (not simply Greek Uniate Church) includes the Churches of the Armenian, Syrian, Chaldean, Maronite and Coptic Rites. In fact,

any Church which does not follow the Latin Rite but which is in union with the Holy See is known as the Uniate Church. The Uniate Church therefore means "Eastern Churches united with Rome"; Uniates are "Eastern Christians united with Rome."

Hence:

(a) Between Catholics and Greek Catholics there is no doctrinal difference; Catholics and Greek Catholics believe the same divine truths, make the same Profession of Faith. There is, however, a difference of Rite; that is, the ceremonies of the Mass, the administering of the Sacraments, and other liturgical functions in the Greek Catholic Church differ widely from the ceremonies of the Mass, the administering of the Sacraments, and other liturgical functions in the Roman Catholic Church. There is, moreover, a difference on the disciplinary point of clerical celibacy. In the Greek Church, candidates for the priesthood are permitted to marry; but they must marry, if they intend to do so, before receiving Major Orders. Once ordained they cannot marry.

(b) Greek Catholics come under the jurisdiction of the Pope.

(c) By virtue of an Apostolic Letter, *Ea Semper*, (Sept. 7, 1907) Greek Catholic priests in this country are ordained from celibate candidates only.

CLERICAL CELIBACY

There is a dispute between a friend and myself. The friend tells me he read that in some countries of central Europe Roman Catholic priests are allowed to marry. I said that he must be mistaken. As far as I know, no Roman Catholic priest in any part of the world is allowed to marry.—P. J. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.

You are correct: no Roman Catholic priest in any part of the world is allowed to marry. However, your friend may be referring to Greek Catholic priests who in some parts of the world form a married clergy. Recall that Roman Catholic is applied to those priests only who use the Latin Rite in their liturgical functions and who are united in faith and obedience to the Holy See. Eastern Catholic is applied to those priests who use in their liturgical functions any Rite other than the Latin Rite but who are united in faith and obedience to the Holy See.

The Latin or Roman Church prescribes clerical celibacy. This ruling dates definitely from the First Lateran Council (1123).

The Oriental and Greek Churches permit aspirants to the priesthood to marry before they receive Major Orders; after the reception of Major Orders they cannot marry; celibacy is required for Bishops. This ruling of the Eastern Church is based on the canons of the Council of Trullo (692). The right of Eastern priests to marry was recognized by Pope Benedict XIV in his Constitution "Etsi Pastoralis" (May 26, 1742).

But everywhere and always true Catholic instinct has regard d celibacy as the ideal in the priests of

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God. St. Paul would have all be even as himself. Some historians have tried to show from indications in early documents, that the Apostles must have made some ruling in regard to sacerdotal celibacy. The indications show at least the trend of early Catholic thought in this matter. Celibacy was never forced on the clergy by Rome, although it was always held up as the ideal.

In the fourth and fifth centuries great ecclesiastical writers like Sts. Augustine, Jerome, Ambrose, Hilary, advocated it strongly; and groups of the clergy here and there adopted it in their regional councils. The first of these on records is a Provincial Council of Spain. By the time of Pope St. Leo the Great (446) continency for priests and deacons was generally recognized as an unwritten law throughout the entire West. Intermittently there arose discontented groups, but the celibate life always had the support of the holiest and most intelligent of the clergy; and the Church, in harmony with her traditional ideals, tried to foster that life.

It is unlikely that the Western clergy will ever be permitted to marry. Rather it is probable that the Eastern clergy will in the not far distant future become even as St. Paul was. In fact the history of the West is repeating itself in the East. Priests of several Oriental Churches, notwithstanding their recognized right to marry, have, in their synods and councils already ruled for celibacy. The Uniate Copts in Synod at Alexandria passed a decree that henceforth all candidates for the higher Orders in the Church must be celibate "according to the ancient discipline of the Church of Alexandria and the other Churches of God."

Sacerdotal continency is a favorite object of attack and frequently of unconscious slander among non-Catholics. To the intelligent Catholic who realizes the dignity of the priest and his closeness to God in Holy Mass, there is no difficulty in the Church's requirements. The reasons of utility are self-evident to all. The advantages of an unmarried priest working for souls in a parish or on foreign missions are recognized by everyone.

BLESSED BATTISTA VARANI

Editor, The Sign:

Why have I not seen any word in *The Sign* recommending the book, "True Devotion to the Passion" from the writings of Blessed Battista Varani, translated by Enid Dinnis? It is a small book but contains more treasures on the Sacred Passion than any book I have ever read aside from the Gospels. The dear Lord seems to have made known to Blessed Battista what His mental anguish was: this is the secret of its great unction.

If the *Life of Blessed Varani* has been translated I wish you would be good enough to tell us through *The Sign*.—J. R. H., Chicago, Ill.

Editor's Note: The book referred to by our correspondent was reviewed in the September issue of *The Sign*. The life of Blessed Battista Varani appears as preface to her book on the Passion. It appears also in Father Faber's "Lives of the Saints," now out of print.

THE INCARNATION

How could God become man? While Christ was in the womb of the Virgin Mary who took care of the world? If God was man and lived only in a little part of the universe (Palestine) for thirty-three years, why did not the universe collapse?—A. G. F., Boston, Mass.

This rather common objection rests on the false supposition that when the Word, the Second Person of the Most Blessed Trinity, became man He at the

same instant ceased to be God: which is ridiculous. Our Lord Jesus assumed a human nature but He likewise retained His divine nature. He was born in Bethlehem according to His human nature; at the same time He was omnipresent (everywhere) according to His divine nature. While He dwelt as man in the most pure womb of the Blessed Virgin He still was God. So likewise during His entire life: He was in a certain section of the universe as man; He was everywhere as God. Hence He dwelt amongst men and at the same time ruled the universe.

A FAVOR

Editor, The Sign:

I made a special petition to Almighty God and wanted it answered at Christmas time. However I did not receive my request then, and I became very much discouraged. Last Monday in reading *The Sign*, I noticed a favor had been granted one of the readers through a promise to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I too made a promise to the most Sacred Heart, and imagine my great delight when my prayer was answered last night. I would like you to publish this in your magazine so as to spread this beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart.—Mrs. R. L. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE SACRED LITURGY

Editor, The Sign,

A question to ask, and, with your kind forbearance, a word or two concerning something which (pardon the expression) I'd like to tell the world. What is the color green symbolical of, in the sacred Liturgy?

Such was the question put to me, and to my embarrassment, by a little lassie—a fifth grade pupil of our parish school. This question was put to me, as I have said, to my embarrassment; but let me add, to my edification also. To my embarrassment: for there I stood, a high school graduate, the finished product of the public school, unable to answer a simple question of Sacred Liturgy. To my edification: for there before me stood a mere child whose sinless soul even in its tenderest years was learning to appreciate the sublime symbolism of our Sacred Liturgy!

Instinctively my mind went back to school days; school days drear and godless school days. Ah, if I had back those moments wasted, I might say, in mastering the color-harmonies of the rainbow to spend them now in learning the symbolic signification of the colors of the Sacred Vestments worn by the priest at holy Mass. But alas! 'tis but a wish. If, as is true, it is the Mass that matters, then active participation in the Mass must matter too. But this active participation we cannot have without some knowledge of our Sacred Liturgy. Hence my sermon from the house-tops to young and old: study the Sacred Liturgy of our Holy Catholic Church.

How is it to be done? Well the majority of our Catholic children have the means, thank God!, in the parochial school. But with the grown-ups? Ah, there's the rub. But yet, Father, I've seen them in groups at the public library on a "word hunt" with books of all kinds piled before them, and all for what? For a six letter word that means "this"; or a four letter word that means "the other." But the Catholic Encyclopedias standing there in their cloaks of dust!!

If love (as we have learned from our penny catechism) presupposes knowledge and knowledge, sad to say, is not innate, surely we can see the necessity of the study of the Liturgy if we would learn to love and appreciate the Holy Mass and all that it should mean to every Catholic heart.

Yes, I've taken some of my own prescription: you needn't tell me what the color green is symbolical of. I know now.—M. T., Dunkirk, N. Y.

Alice Talbot's Letter

Chapter II: *The Admirable Light*

By VIOLET O'CONNOR



WELL, here I am, [Alice's letter began] and these are my first impressions after a day and a half. I don't like it at all. Kathleen is either utterly heartless and selfish and silly—too silly for words—or else she is trying to hide something from me; and that really is what I *do* suspect. When she and Bob are together they talk about the garden, the condition of the poor, and any of the topics of the day. Bob's shattered state of health is never mentioned. Kathleen ignores his loss of a leg and makes plans about what he is going to do next year just as if everybody did not know his nerves were all to pieces and his life is wrecked.

That is bad enough but when she is alone with me it is still worse; she talks only of my affairs, asks all about the plans for our wedding and is so glad we are going to be married soon. She seems most interested in clothes, asks about the latest fashions in town, rattling on, I'm quite sure, just to prevent me asking questions, talking down my suspicions as it were. Yet I can't deny she's happy.

I've never seen her more beautiful or more becomingly dressed, though she manages without a maid now. Arabella acts as parlor-maid and has apparently abandoned her needle. Yet I should imagine that Kathleen tears her clothes worse than ever, judging by the huge basket of mending she got out after dinner last night. My dear Lumley, it was literally a collection of rags. She tried to turn and twist the tattered things so that I should not see, but I did—absolutely rags? And I caught Bob smiling at her as she was threading her needle. He looked so pleased, and proud of her, though whether for being still so careless and tomboyish, or for having learnt to repair the mischief I cannot say.

I keep wanting to have it out with him, to say, 'We are all so dreadfully anxious about Kathleen;' but I can't. It would sound absurd to express anxiety about anyone who looks as she does, so sweet and joyful, singing about the house. I can hear her now. The utmost I was able to do this morning when I found myself alone with Bob, was to say 'How about Kathleen's work? You know we all believed that she would do a great work in the world.' He beamed on me, and said

irrelevantly, 'Yes, I'm so glad you see it. Isn't it great? I know no one but Kathleen who could have done anything approaching it.' Then we were interrupted. I can't make anything of it.

MARTIN is coming to stay here soon, they say; and you, next month, if you can get away. I can't help wondering what Martin will make of it. I am afraid you would find something splendid to say for Bob, about cheerfulness and resignation, and that he is so little irritable, when there would be excuse for considerable irritability. It strikes me as unnatural; and I was quite glad when he complained impatiently at breakfast that his egg was too soft. For a flash of a moment Kathleen was her own old impetuous self again answering back, as she used to do.

"Of course it is soft, you silly coon, you particularly said three minutes, and a new laid egg can't help being soft if it is only boiled three minutes." Then their eyes met and they burst out laughing and both said "One!" and dropped a penny into an alms-box on the side board, and Kathleen exchanged her five minutes egg for his and ate it by dipping "fingers" of bread and butter into it, as she must have done in the nursery. Bob seemed pleased and Kathleen looked really lovely.

Tell George about this. He said he wanted to know what terms they were on. And tell Martin no one in their senses could doubt that Kathleen is happy. The only mystery is why? They talk to each other in the most bewildering way. Several times I have heard Bob ask her if she is quite dead? And "Not quite" is her merry answer.

Next day. I am afraid I shall not be able to endure it much longer, [the letter went on]: I don't forget she was a friend of yours before she was a friend of mine, and, having admired Kathleen as I used to do, I quite see that you won't like hearing her criticised, but I must tell you, and anyhow Evelyn will be glad: I've come to the conclusion that Kathleen nowadays is just as silly as a fashion plate, with no more brains than a hen, (and having relieved my feelings thus I pop my hand over my mouth).

You will remember that Evelyn asked me to try to make my letter into an essay on "The Author's Wife," so to let you down gently, dear, let's go over the points we are agreed upon: six

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years ago Bob Harcourt was a capital fellow, a good sportsman, good-natured, but nothing like as wonderful as his bride: Kathleen O'Sullivan struck one as a genius. I never forget that day when you first called my attention to her literary work; it was a paper on "Public Service," in *The National Quarterly*. She held that it was damaging to the individual to lead a simply personal life, without setting aside time and thought for objects directly concerned with the industrial life of others.

After that we always looked out for her articles, especially those stimulating essays in *The Saturday Bridgewater*. She never wrote without a thorough grasp of her subject, and one couldn't help recognizing in her wildest flights of idealism the strength and sanity from which they sprang. Her essays were the sort of thing you cut out and send to a sympathetic friend, asking for its return as you want to paste it in your scrap book.

KATHLEEN moved, about this time, in a top literary set, and when the editor of *The Million's Messenger* got ill, and had to go abroad for a rest, he asked her to look after his work for him for a couple of months. It was during her spell of office work that I happened to send in my little column on 'Cottage Cupboards,' which she accepted. Her letter was extraordinarily kind, and I fell in love with her for the way she suggested some slight alteration in the last paragraph 'to make the whole thing end up with a bang.'

That was the secret of her own work, I know. You looked out at the end of each paragraph for a bang, and you got it. There was never anything flat, stale, lifeless about Kathleen; after she'd touched a thing it lived. I owe much of my journalistic training to her. I frequently sought her advice, and it was never refused. Under her guidance I took up the study of literature. She made it seem worth while. She was a born leader. One of my greatest treasures—the next best packet I have to yours, Beloved—is a set of Kathleen's letters.

After she brought out her famous novel we began to correspond pretty regularly. I just wrote to tell her we loved it. Didn't we love it, you and I? Wasn't the hero's proposal a wonderful scene? and then the character of the wife! and how her faith and loyalty were justified and rewarded! Such a grand piece of writing! Kathleen had a genius for describing married life and making it seem possible and lovely. You said so. Do you remember? I shall never forget. You read the book aloud to me under the cedar tree, all through that delightful August day when we were staying together at Lutworth. And towards the end of the

story I held your hand. We had only been engaged two days. That novel will always form a part of the happiness of our background. Kathleen seemed to write just on purpose to make people happy. 'Not so much good,' I remember your remarked, 'as happy,' evidently believing that the goodness would follow as a natural consequence.

WHEN I wrote to thank her for such a book I mentioned you. Under the circumstances how could I fail to mention you? And then it turned out that she had just married and her husband remembered you at school and would much like to renew your acquaintance. That was how you met my Kathleen before I did, you lucky man! I was almost jealous when the Harcourts asked you to go and stay with them. But you prepared the way for me by telling her how much I longed to know her personally, and when you got your appointment in Nigeria the first ray of comfort I had in this great lonely world, came from her. She invited me to Oldgate for the week end.

Had she been as plain as plain could be, I shouldn't have grumbled. But there she stood on the front door steps to welcome me, beautiful, sweet, in quiet, womanly, becoming clothes, with both hands stretched out. She was so delighted to see me, at last, she said. For the life of me I can't remember the pretty excuse she made for being glad, and then she went on to establish herself firmly in my affections by praising you.

Sympathetic by nature, artistic by temperament, I described her that evening in my letter to you, delicate features, a refined face, a well-developed figure. She gave me the impression of great ability joined to a charming manner. And she was fresh. You know the kind of feeling you have when you are walking in rather a dull place and suddenly you come upon a flower that is just out, and perfect, and you are surprised and yet you know that it is just the right thing. That was the idea she gave me. Well, the week end grew into a fortnight. We walked together in the woods, and her conversation opened out for me a new, entrancing world. How I enjoyed her spacious thoughts on men and things! and her quick flashes of wit and humor!

There were several people staying in the house, and we used to discuss everything in the way of social organization. Kathleen would listen, she was even better at listening than at talking, and when any of her guests seemed on the point of getting irritable on some vital question, she would put in some half whimsical, half appropriate suggestion all her own, which set the company laughing. I was struck with the vividness and signifi-

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cance of her apparently trivial remarks. Depths, depths, depths. Something to know. Something worth knowing. And yes, greatest attraction of all, something, as I once heard a man remark of her 'Something that one would never know.' That was my Kathleen.

AND now she just darns ragged clothes, and never talks of anything sensible, and never mentions her literary work. Her writing room has been turned into a living room for Bob. When she wants to scribble a letter I see her trying to do it on the edge of the dining-table and then hurrying her writing materials out of the way again because the cloth must be laid for luncheon, forsooth! You wouldn't suppose she had an idea in her head, and it's really quite a relief when her husband comes out of his den and reads aloud some bit that he has been writing?

I think perhaps he feels it's an awful pity that just now, when the pen might be doing even more work than the sword to bring Peace to the World, the one home to which everybody was looking for inspiring literature should send out nothing! The one woman, whose readers had been taught to look to her for inspiration, backs up into a corner and darns holes. If *she* does nothing, now that the great opportunity has arrived for which all her influence and knowledge ought to have prepared her—well, *he'll* have a try. That's how I read the case. I see him sometimes sitting with a puzzled expression. ("I know" said Martin, "the expression he used to wear outside a shop when he was waiting for my mother"—"Determined to do the right thing at any price—to carry it through" said Lumley. "That's Bob." "According to his lights," added Evelyn. "Whatever they may be," said George.)

Bob doesn't complain. He seems content, and Kathleen, who used in the old days to be quite irritable at times, is perfectly sweet now, and so proud of him! He has gained a good deal in the way of self-confidence lately. Somehow he used to strike me as being rather uncomfortable, at a disadvantage, in her successes; whereas when he is appreciated she simply beams with delight. 'Bob gave me the stuff for this dress out of one of his essays in *The So and So!*' 'And this beautiful hat evolved itself out of a beautiful poem in the *What's it called Review*' she says looking delicious in a dream of black and gold and blue. 'The touch of gold is symbolical,' she says, 'to prevent the black from mourning the blue,' and then Bob laughs and I laugh and despise myself for being idiotic. It bothers me. They seem to see something, you know, that I don't see.

During deep discussions, long ago, I used to admire the readiness with which just at the inevitable moment she could always administer a dose of humor. She had such a feeling for the lighter touch. But nowadays there is nothing but the lighter touch, with nothing to balance it. That is what worries me.

ASK Evelyn how's that for an essay on the 'Author's Wife.'

They press me to stay on until you come. But I'm off to-morrow. Nothing will induce me to remain another day even though it means not seeing you for some time. I couldn't meet you here. I feel so baffled. I can't make out what's wrong—what is it?—I shall have to get away. Send me a wire at once in cypher anything will do, just "Umpteen umpteen umpteen cheerio," and I'll read into it the sudden illness of my great-aunt.

Next Day. Oh how I wish I wasn't going, do you know I've completely changed my mind about it all—and I now like it all immensely—I think at first I hadn't got into the spirit of their home life. Now I confess I am finding Bob quite charming and Kathleen dearer, more wonderful than ever—and I've almost solved the mystery of the rags. She let me help her mend some whilst Bob read aloud last evening,—O Lumley such a book. I didn't know there were such books in the world, such thoughts, such aims. I'll tell you about it when we meet. It seems Bob reads aloud to Kathleen every evening when they are alone—and that was one of his reasons for not caring to have visitors till lately. Now they have decided whoever comes to go on—after the first two days the same as usual. Lucky visitors! I could live here forever. Why was my wretched aunt so suddenly taken ill? I've got to go now. But Kathleen has made me promise to come back when you come early next month.

I want to very, very much, dear Lumley, be here with you. There are a thousand little ways in which I think you and I could imitate Bob and Kathleen in our future home. I like the alms-box on the sideboard. Every now and then they have a tiny flare up and laugh and race to put a penny in and Kathleen always lets Bob win. They seem to me to be as young as ever but young in a different, light-hearted way, and there is such a feeling of repose and certainty and utter selfishness about them both.

O my unlucky aunt!

ALICE TALBOT

P.S.. I am longing to hear what Martin thinks about it all when he arrives.

(To be continued)

World Peace---The Intention of the Holy Father

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion for March, 1925)



WHETHER or not we are able to make the pilgrimage to Rome during the Holy Year of 1925, or gain the Jubilee Plenary Indulgence twice at home, all we members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion should enter into the spirit of the Jubilee by turning to Rome in spirit, by uniting our minds and hearts to our Holy Father, and by praying for his three Jubilee Intentions during the next three months we shall see how these intentions carry a particular appeal to those who are especially devoted to Christ Crucified. This month we shall pray for the first intention of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI,—that peace be restored to the whole world, "not so much the peace written in treaties, as that impressed on souls."

History assures us that before the coming of Christ, the world in general had no idea of a universal brotherhood of men. The nations of the earth were constantly at war. War was glorified, even deified and worshipped in the mythical person of Mars. During a period of 650 years, Rome was at peace only six twelvemonths. And these wars were savagely cruel. Very often the conquered people were horribly mutilated, or barbarously murdered, or taken into a slavery worse than death.

But with the Crucifixion of Christ, the eyes of men began to turn from the warlike figure of Mars, red with the fire and blood of battle, to the meek Figure of the Crucified, red with the blood that was given for love of them. Men began to realize that they all were children of God, bought by the Precious Blood of His Divine Son, brothers of Jesus Christ. Thus, after a few centuries, the Cross of Christ was raised to the standards of the Roman Empire, and the hundreds of pagan nations and barbarian tribes began to form into one huge family of Jesus Christ, under the leadership of His Vicar on earth, the Pope of Rome, the descendant of St. Peter.

Slowly, but surely, war was discouraged; slavery was abolished. By the "Truce of God," proclaimed by the Pope, all military contests were forbidden, under pain of excommunication, from the Wednesday evening of each week to the following Monday morning, and all during the seasons of Advent and Lent, Christmas-tide and Easter-tide. By the "Peace of God," also proclaimed by

the Pope, excommunication was proclaimed against all those making war upon pilgrims and non-combatants, while the use of too-efficiently murderous weapons was forbidden.

BUT, at last men began to grow restive under the peaceful sway of Christ, until 400 years ago, a great part of Europe apostatized from the Crucified. The Cross was publicly burned, banished from the halls of government, from the schools, even from the churches. The Vicar of the Crucified was disregarded. The huge Christian family of Europe began to break up once more into divided camps of hate. The eyes of men began to turn back from the Crucified to Mars. Europe once more became red with the fire and blood of battle, more cruel and savage than the pagan battles of old.

Our Christian forefathers, even when at war, left off their fighting from Wednesday night to Monday morning, and all during Lent and Advent and Christmas-tide and Easter-tide. Our 20th century brothers, when asked by the Holy Father, to stop their warfare, just for Christmas Day, laughed at him. The "uncivilized barbarians" of the Middle Ages did not make war on pilgrims or non-combatants. Our "civilized moderns" think nothing of shelling hospitals, and bombing homes, and of drowning thousands of women and children on the high seas. The followers of the Vicar of Christ Crucified were forbidden to use weapons too-efficiently murderous. The followers of the Modern Mars go forth to battle with poison-gas, disease germs, and liquid fire.

Before the Great Apostasy from the Crucified, even when the nations of Europe were at war, they could always turn to their common father to have their differences settled in a way that only the Vicar of Christ Crucified could settle them. Today the recent farces of our "Peace Councils" must convince any thinking man that, under present conditions, peace is a chimera.

As the Holy Father says in his first Jubilee Intention, we want "not so much the peace written in treaties, as that impressed on souls."

There has been only One Figure in all history Who has been able to impress that peace on the souls of men. It is the Figure of the Crucified. He has but one Vicar on earth. Europe will return to the Crucified and to His Vicar on earth, or Europe will perish.

The Sacred Passion in Mexico

Some Jottings from My Private Note-Book

By EDWARD JODRELL



T begins as elsewhere two weeks before Easter, when the images in the churches are veiled. But the first striking manifestation of the Passion at Muzquiz was the celebration of the day of our Lady of Sorrows. Many women are named Dolores from this mystery, and band serenades commenced at an early hour beneath their windows, an attention shown them by their admirers or betrothed.

The church was half-filled in the early morning by a throng of black-shawled women, some nuns amongst them, so we were told, but it is impossible to distinguish them from the others. That is how religious habits originated; St. Francis, for instance, robed himself in the rude garments of the Umbrian shepherds.

There were also some venerable grey-beards, and a scattering of boys and girls.

One of the penances of Mexican worship, of Mexican life in general for that matter, is their ingrained habit of blocking the way. Do you wish to enter a hotel, you must worm your way apologetically through the loungers who occupy the entrance doorway. At the court-house it is the same. So, to approach the altar, you must needs step heedfully amidst the mass of females who have flopped down irresponsibly before the altar after having communicated. There are benches on either side the enormous nave; but most of the people prefer to kneel in the wide open space between, for the pews are but of yesterday, and old habits are ingrained. A thing to admire is the adroitness of the sacristan, taking up the collection. See how he picks his way without treading on a soul amid that seemingly impenetrable swarm of kneeling and crouching mantillas. It needs an adept, to the manner born. We wished to leave the building, we were close to a side door; but it was, to us, utterly impracticable. Why, this very morning, at Mass in this mining camp, there were not a score of worshippers present. Yet an old fellow and a bevy of women and children effectually blocked the entrance.

Enough of this. After all, what a dull place this world would prove without varying customs, senseless, perchance, yet picturesque.

In the afternoon on Dolores day we strolled into

the temple once more. A plain rectangle this, devoid of any striking architectural feature, probably dating back to the early days of this little bourg of three thousand inhabitants, nearly two centuries ago.

At the far end is the sanctuary and altar, at the sides are ranged several other altars or shrines. There is a great veiled crucifix, and a huge black cross, placed there in memory of a mission of the Jesuit Fathers some forty years ago. There are also the dates of two subsequent missions, one held last year. At the bottom is the word *Inferno*; in religious matters the Mexican turns by instinct to the impressive. So on this Dolores day the great image of the doleful Lady with the nude figure of her dead Son on her knees is thronged by sympathetic devotees, the monument half-buried beneath piles of the roses for which the place is famous.

No need of any priest as leader of their devotions; groups of women circulate around the temple, making the Stations of the Cross, paying homage to some picture of *Maria Santissima*, the prayers recited by their chosen leader, the others responding at intervals. The place buzzes soothingly; it is a hive of prayer.

The bell has already rung twice at quarter-hour intervals, now the third and final one sounds. Not every one has a clock, so full warning is thus given throughout Mexico of any impending church function.

The priest mounts the pulpit, garbed in a surplice. He belongs to a local family of the superior workman class. Of his efficiency and devotion his congregation, his fifty daily communicants, testify. For in Mexico you may gauge the worth of the priest by the external manifestation of religion in exercises of piety. It seems unreasonable; if the pastor of the parish be inefficient, be useless from age or bodily infirmity, how does that affect the conduct of the individual? Logically, no. But does logic have any marked bearing on human affairs? Not over much, in our experience.

THIS excellent Padre Ruiz recites the rosary, then the Litany of Loretto, finally reading from a devotional book for an hour, more or less. Those people are as they were in the Middle Ages when the preacher talked by the hour glass, when they would cry out at the conclusion, the final

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grain of sand run out: "Go on, Father; give it another turn." We chanced to meet the clergyman next morning, and asked him as to what he had been reading us: "The Sorrows of Mary," he replied, "from a German named Faber." It was probably something by Father Frederic William Faber, the head of the London Oratory, who died some sixty years ago.

On Palm Sunday there was a great crowd at the early Mass, and probably another large congregation at eight, the single-handed priest being forced to duplicate. At any rate we saw throngs in the plaza, returning from the church, brandishing their palms which had been blessed. These flourish in abundance in the neighborhood, and may be had for the cutting. They are bound to the massive iron window bars, to bring blessings to the house and its inhabitants during the coming year.

Entering the church in the forenoon we were assailed by a refreshing din. It came from groups of children in the pews, gathered about the teachers, bright looking girls of fourteen or fifteen. The priest circulated around the while, keeping a general oversight on the proceedings.

MAUNDAY Thursday is a great day in Mexico. No workman can be induced to put his hand to any task, however pressing, during the last three days of *La Semana Santa* (Holy Week.)

The Mass was celebrated with all the honors, the girls in the choir loft over the main entrance supplied by volume of sound what they lacked in artistic training as they rendered the Gloria. At the communion, we were reminded of an Easter morning in the long ago at the celebrated church of St. Rock at Paris, when the expression, "being carried off one's feet," was literally verified, going up to the communion rail. And some ignoramuses will have it that "there is no religion in Paris."

In the afternoon, we went out, four of us, three Englishmen and a Mexican, to visit some friends at a ranch nearly thirty miles off, intending to return the next day. "Man proposes, etc.";—nine miles from our destination, a bearing in our auto burnt out, and the most active member of the party set out to walk there for assistance. After he had made over half the distance, he met our host, coming to see what had befallen us; we were ignominiously towed in at a rope's end, and there some of us, and the ranch blacksmith, were kept tinkering at the machine all Good Friday, the *Sabado de Gloria*, and the *Pascua de Flores*—Easter Day Eve and Easter Day.

Cut off from church offices, you may worship in the Great Temple of Nature. Oh that glorious

sunset whilst we were sitting belated on the road in our broken-down car! We have been reading the evening before in Ruskin's *flores sylvestres* of the ever-varying pageant of the heavens. But for the words of the master we might, like the majority of "the general," have let this magnificent range of fairy palaces pass unheeded. And people will pay their money to sit in a heated movie theatre to witness some monotonous story, ever the same old stand-by, when they might do so much better for themselves, perchance, outside: "But whilst this muddly vesture of decay doth grossly close us round we can not see it."

THE best arranged ranch we ever saw; the inspiration of it lay on the drawing-room table in an album of views of the Australian pen of our host's mother; the equal to the refined rural luxury of the island continent is not to be found hereabouts.

Yet, during the forty odd years these Australians and New Zealanders have been here, they have effected wonders. They have some twenty sitios of land (a Mexican sitio, or square league, is about 4338 acres). Their original purchase was sixty sitios, but this has since been divided into three parts. We met one of them in a bank in San Antonio in the spring of 1881, and he said: "We have just bought a place at Santa Rosa in Mexico at eight cents an acre, and it is better than any grazing land in Australia."

Actually they have 5,000 head of short horns, which they are now crossing with Herefords; and they have such a reputation for probity that buyers in the City of Mexico write them for exactly what they need, feeling assured that they will be honestly dealt with. During the revolutions, their loss was but nominal, not \$3,000., and that, chiefly, saddle horses and an occasional beef animal. This was due to their being foreigners, to the tact of the manager, or to both these causes, for the neighboring ranches were depleted of their stock, which was driven to the frontier, and sold for the benefit of the various "generals."

See how different this place is to the old Mexico. We paid our farm hands twenty-seven years ago three reales a day, say eighteen cents. Then wages rose to four reales. Now, at the ranch we are considering, the men get thirty pesos a month, besides rations of corn and meat. So they are contented, the ten of them, and are not perpetually leaving, as our people used to. They are also encouraged to keep a few goats, it gives them an interest in life, and the foreman has a nice bunch of horned cattle. A foreman lately left, after long years of service, with a nice little herd, and

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some few thousand pesos in cash. There are three or four house servants, and they too get their monthly thirty pesos, different from the two-and-a-half pesos that we remember in the bad old times.

The men could get much more in the neighboring mines, where a mere day laborer receives two-and-a-half pesos a day for eight hours' work. But money is not everything, they are well clothed and well fed, and would rather work like gentlemen on a horse than as so many smutty gnomes down in the bowels of the earth.

ALL this may not have much direct bearing on our subject, but to understand the Passiontide and its observances you must first make the acquaintance of the people and their circumstances.

At this ranch we encountered the incredible—the people working continuously during the three last days of Holy Week. Much better than going into town, and fuddling themselves and knifing their comrades in the cheap grogeries.

Our hostess told us that the chambermaid had been much impressed by some rosary or book of the hours left on our dressing-table. Granted, at twenty-seven miles distance from a church, these poor

folk have scant opportunities for set religious ceremonial observance; but any thing, any one distinctly of the Faith has a fascination for them.

The manager's family were of Scottish origin, so naturally Presbyterians, and the lady taught her delightful children, three and six years old respectively, from an introduction to the *Shorter Catechism*. We looked at the pamphlet, and the teaching was Catholic in the main. Something to be thankful for in these days of "Modernism."

She told the story of the sacrifice of Isaac as suitable for Good Friday, when the girl protested that Abraham was a wicked old man to want to

knife his son. "But God told him to," explained the mother. "Then he might have pretended to be deaf!"

REPAIRING our Ford took us till the afternoon of Easter Day, but next morning at six we went into the church again, where three weddings were celebrated at the Mass, the central attraction being the queen of a recent carnival or something, backed up by a bevy of gaily-attired supporters.

Later, on the train, the priest came and seated himself by us, for he was going for two days to

our mining camp to celebrate Masses, and to enable the people there to perform their Easter duties. Questioning him elicited the fact that much of the old-time picturesque usage is being abandoned. The men no longer scourge their backs on Good Friday until the blood flows, nor is Judas smashed up and treated with contumely next morning, a loss for the boys, the abolition of this time-honored custom—for the dismembered traitorous apostle used to yield treasure of welcome centavos and of tooth-some sweetmeats.

But the valuable features of the Holy Week are as firmly set as ever; the deep-

ly-rooted faith of the Mexicans is a hardy plant.

Barry Cornwall thus describes Charles Lamb: One of the simplest and most inoffensive men in the world; in his heart there existed nothing but what was altogether pure and unsophisticated. He seemed never to have outgrown the innocence of childhood; or, rather, he appeared to be without those germs or first principles of evil which sometimes begin to show themselves even in childhood itself. He was not only without the dark passions himself, but he would not perceive them in others.

A Prayer for Strength

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL. D.

"Teach me Thy will," I prayed so fervently,
Loud words that shielded my hypocrisy.
Do I not know the mandate of Thy will,
Though weak my soul Thy justice to fulfill?
Thy will is writ in document complete—
To lift the cross that lieth at my feet,
Thy cross to be embraced and borne as mine,
My laggard footsteps following in Thine.
I know Thy will, yet would I argue so:—
Wilt Thou not give me other way to go?
I would a cross of fairer fashioning,
A common cross is such a vulgar thing,
For criminals and Gods! Undignified
The world regards a body crucified.
Teach me Thy will, but let it, Lord, be such
That I may not be called to suffer much.—
"Teach me Thy will,"—thus prayed I fervently
Loud words that shielded my hypocrisy.
I know Thy will. God, give me strength this day
My own poor silly will to cast away.

Taken and Left

"I Came Not to Send Peace but the Sword"

By JOSEPH CARMICHAEL



HE two youths had just been paying a visit to the genial Catholic priest who ministered to the small congregation of an English country town, and on their way home were equally eulogistic upon the charm and friendliness of their host. Eric Salveson was a bank-clerk who had rooms in a Catholic house rented by a fervent Irishwoman. On a certain Sunday evening he had gone, out of curiosity, to the service at the Catholic church, and had been out-spoken in his criticism of the performance of the organist who supplied interludes and voluntaries on a wheezy instrument in the west gallery; the choir of men and boys in the sanctuary being accompanied by a more skilled player on an harmonium down there. Old Mrs. Foley had excused the indifferent performance on the organ because of the lack of musicians in the congregation.

"I don't profess to be a crack player," rejoined Eric, "but I could put up a better show than that. Would they like a 'Prot.' like me, to offer to play? It would be rather a jolly way of spending Sunday evening; your services are not so dry and dreary as ours."

Mrs. Foley jumped at the notion of perhaps securing by that means a possible convert. She had a great regard for her lodger as a cheery good-loving youth. So she readily offered to make enquiries. Her interview with her pastor, however, was not altogether to her satisfaction. Father Gaysford was less optimistic. He had but recently recovered from a keen disappointment in which certain ritualistic youths had figured; after borrowing his books, and taking up his time with discussions beside the point, they had coolly withdrawn from further intercourses with the briefest of notes of excuse. The good priest was, consequently, not inclined to lay himself open to further snubs of the kind, and though he did not discourage the proffered musical help, he was not ardently in favor of it. "Let the young man call," he said, "and I can talk things over with him."

Eric felt somewhat elated at the prospect of taking part in proceedings so novel as a Roman Catholic service. In his ardor he confided in his friend Tom Romaine, employed in the same office. Tom's imagination was fired at once. When Eric

went to call on the priest, he would accompany him and put in a plea to be allowed sometimes to take Eric's place at the organ, should that idea be carried out, when Eric might desire to have an evening off. Thus it had come to pass that both youths had interviewed the priest and both had been equally charmed by him. They had been shown over the artistic little church, and many things explained to them which had been enigmas previously; they had been entertained at tea with cigarettes to follow, and had enjoyed a thoroughly jolly time. Moreover, Father Gaysford had fallen in completely with the organ scheme, and they were to arrange with each other as to which should supply on any particular Sunday. Tom, though less gifted than Eric, played quite efficiently.

"But I shall rely upon one of you," he had concluded; "so do not leave us in the lurch!"

Such a contingency, they both protested, was unthinkable.

AND now that they were free to express themselves unrestrainedly, both—as we have seen—were unbounded in their expression of admiration that a Catholic priest—of all persons—could prove so delightful a companion.

"How interesting was his description of Italy—the country, the scenery, the attractive simplicity of the peasants, and all that!" cried Tom.

"I liked that account of the Pope being carried into St. Peter's and the enthusiasm of the crowds there," Eric rejoined. "It gives one quite a different idea of the Roman Church, Tom! I could not help thinking how jolly it must be to have such a religion as that! Look at our dreary services in comparison!"

But Tom came of a prosaic Protestant family, in which the Pope was regarded with horror, and Romanism spoken of with bated breath, as an invention of the adversary of souls to ensnare any incautious youth that might venture too near its toils and merit the destruction so graphically depicted in the Book of Revelations. So, while Tom was loud in his praise of the priest as a delightful companion, he declined to admit the equally delightful attraction of the religion he preached.

"Oh! I've no particular admiration for the Roman Church," was his verdict. "No doubt it's

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all right for those who are brought up in it. I'm quite satisfied to remain a Protestant—whatever you may choose to do!"

"I don't say I'm going to turn Romanist in a hurry," laughed the other. "I'm only saying it seems a jolly sensible religion, with far more to attract a fellow than ours can boast of."

THE two friends kept their compact with Father Gaysford most faithfully. Every Sunday evening one or other was to be found at the organ; many of the worshippers spoke admiringly of the improvement in the services brought about by skilfully played voluntaries before and after the service, and especially the beautiful soft strains which ushered in the moment of the actual lifting of the monstrance to impart the Benediction. These young men, it was said, must be Catholics from another mission; no one dreamed of attributing to non-Catholics such devotional music entirely appropriate to so solemn an occasion. The fact was that Father Gaysford had taken pains to impress upon his helpers the signification of the act of Benediction, and the lesson had gone home.

Eric chanced to be taking his summer holidays just when Father Gaysford had begun an interesting course of sermons on the Prophecy of Daniel, and particularly of the interpretation of the vision of Nabuchodonosor concerning the statue of gold, silver, brass, iron, and clay which was broken in pieces by "a stone cut out of a mountain without hands"; the stone itself becoming a great mountain which "filled the whole earth." The priest in his three discourses showed clearly the fulfilment of the type in the institution of the Catholic Church—a kingdom set up by the God of Heaven "that shall never be destroyed....and itself shall stand for ever," though earthly kingdoms come to naught.

Tom, who listened with eager interest, was immensely impressed. The doctrine of God's Kingdom to which all believers rightly belonged as subjects changed his outlook entirely. He could not resist the impulse to ask of Father Gaysford further explanations, which drew him still nearer towards belief in the Catholic religion.

When Eric returned it was to discover in the former staunch upholder of the able guidance of Protestantism an ardent admirer of the Catholic Church and all that she stood for. It only needed time and instruction to bring Tom into the Fold, to Father Gaysford delight. For, of the two, he had always preferred the less showy and apparently stolid Tom, as the stronger and more dependable character. Though it might be an exaggeration to say that the good priest's course of sermons had been delivered with the special idea of influencing

Tom Romaine—for his sermons of an evening were greatly frequented by Protestants—it may well be supposed that he had his voluntary organist in view.

Tom had to submit to the usual course of opposition meted out to most converts. His relatives showed bitter resentment, and did their utmost to keep him from what they considered a "fatal mistake"—towards worldly advancement, that is! But the lad had grit and determination (over and above the gift of faith) and stood firm against all arguments based on mere human opinions. Tom was received into the Church a week or two after Eric's return from his holiday.

ERIC seemed rather to resent Tom's lead. It was he who had introduced Tom to Catholicism and Tom might have waited until both could have been instructed and received together. But he did not try to keep Tom back in the least; outwardly he appeared to desire to share his friend's good fortune and lost no time in putting himself as a neophyte into the hands of Father Gaysford. But the latter felt less confidence in Eric's perseverance than he had in Tom's. He showed less real interest than his chum had done in Catholic doctrine, but far more in ceremonies and ritual; his Catholicism, in fact, was more external.

Father Gaysford was prudent enough to insist upon Eric making known to his own people his contemplated change of religion; he had done the same in Tom's case, and the wisdom of the course had been fully proved. Eric, moreover, had less strength of character, and it was needful that he should prove himself capable of resisting opposition. So Eric left for a week-end visit to his family whose residence was but a short railway journey distant, bent upon breaking to them the unexpected news of his approaching reception into the Church, which had been fixed for about a week later.

The result of that visit was entirely unforeseen. Eric found at his home, paying a visit to his sister, a vivacious and pretty girl, Alice Rowland, whom he had long admired at a distance; she was an orphan and Eric's father was her guardian and trustee. In less than a year she would come into possession of a respectable fortune, and Eric's parents had long cherished the desire that Alice would marry their son. On this particular visit Alice showed herself extremely interested—to say the least—in Eric, and he on his part was strongly attracted by Alice's beauty and wit. Under the circumstances, he persuaded himself, it would be inopportune to introduce the subject of religion and he therefore returned without having alluded to the matter which had been the reason for his

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journey home. He would go again later, he promised himself.

But stronger motives were at work. Alice had a married friend living in the very town of Blenthams where Eric and Tom were employed, and to pay a visit to this friend she brought Eric's sister, Joan. It was soon evident that Eric had fallen deeply in love with Alice; everything had to stand aside for the nonce—instructions, organ-playing, and the rest—while Eric devoted every spare minute to the task of winning his lady-love. Tom looked on with disgust; Father Gaysford, who had had more experience in such matters, forebore to join in Tom's indignant strictures upon such conduct. He foresaw that Alice's influence would not tend to dispose Eric towards Catholicism, and restricted his part in the affair to daily and fervent prayer for his neophyte.

THE end was what the priest more or less expected: Eric came to tell him of his engagement to Alice and of the delight given to his own people thereby. He intended to lead Alice by degrees to realise the claims of the Church, and felt no doubt, as he told Father Gaysford, of eventually bringing her to his views. But Eric was too sanguine. At the mere mention of the Catholic Church Alice at once showed intense opposition;

she declared that all the Catholics she had met were impossibly narrow and old-fashioned in all that concerned social life, and nothing would persuade her to approve of Eric's embracing such an effete religion, much less to embrace it herself. His attempt to move from her standpoint, indeed, almost caused a breach in their relations; it led to Alice's return to Eric's home, exceedingly put out with what she styled his "infatuation for Romanists."

Thus the youth was left to choose between the ever weakening desires of the soul and the yearnings of the human heart. The result was not long delayed. Eric followed his lady-love hot foot to his father's house and in the bosom of his family, amid the emotional tears of mother and sister and exultant smiles of fiancée, proclaimed his unswerving allegiance to the Church of his Baptism—and Alice.

Father Gaysford stood gazing after the train which was carrying off his beloved Tom to enter the Missionary College and qualify for the conversion of the heathen Chinese.

"He's made of the right sort of stuff," he said to himself. "Strange," he murmured, "how things turn out. I should have backed the other lad at one time! How true it is still—" 'one shall be taken and one shall be left.' "

To Arms!

By J. CORSON MILLER

We have builded us temples to Baal in our cities,
We have worshipped at Venus's red, 'luring shrine;
We have guzzled with Bacchus and sung his mad ditties,
Ay, wantoned with Lust like the wallowing swine.
But the God of our forefathers calls from the mountains,
His beacon of faith is aflame on the sea.
We shall turn in our thirst to His virtue-cool fountains,
For the Lord of the Nations doth will it to be.

Too long have we strayed from the Lord's holy places,
The while mighty Mammon hath ruled us as King;
We have reaped the stern harvest, but now 'round our faces,
The seeds of true Righteousness silently spring.
The Hand of Jehovah once shaped this great Nation,
Our sires of old gave praise to His Name,
So let us rise up in our regeneration,
And shake off the shackles of Greed and of Shame!

There is labor for all in His vineyard of splendor,
The dawn of His morning flares out o'er the land;
In the commerce of duty, in brotherhood tender,
The patriot's soul rises up to command.
We shall form in the ranks for the Master is calling.
His sword and His Banner He lifteth on high,
In the light of His smile—every spirit enthralling,
The men of America now draw nigh.

The Holy Stairs

By P. E. (Rome)



RECENTLY, here in Rome, there was handed to me a Protestant pamphlet replete with errors and blasphemies against all that is most sacred in our holy religion. The author is very abusive in his treatment of miracles and such Catholic devotions as have for their object the Blessed Virgin, the Sacred Heart, the Crucifix, etc. Not with less odium does he address himself to the Scala Santa, the Holy Stairs, and he refers to "the miserable and grotesque spectacle of the people, like so many Buddhists, ascending these steps on their knees."

Of course this observation might not stand in its gratuitous form. The writer, therefore, strives to render it plausible in the hypothetic and commonplace manner of the higher critics. "I am convinced," he says, "that if it were permitted to an expert to examine the stone of which these steps are made up, he would find that it belongs to the quarries of Latium, and that it is not of Palestine or any other foreign origin." If I reply but briefly here to this contemptible inference, I must not neglect to inform the reader that Father Stanislaus, C. P., in a learned volume of over 400 pages has answered at length and in detail the criticisms that have been brought to bear upon the Stairs.

This particular critic observes, "if an expert were permitted to examine." Who is there to prevent it? Are not the Stairs in sight of all and may not anyone touch and examine them?

This writer loosely employs the term "stone" instead of "marble." This very distinction helps materially in establishing the genuineness of the Holy Stairs. In mineralogical language marbles are classified as calcareous stones susceptible of a high polish; hence the name from the Greek *marmaro*,—splendid. Hardness, specific weight and other physical features are the basis of variety even in the same saccharoid class to which category the Scala Santa marble belongs and not to the quarries of Latium. Among these the nearest approach to marble is the Tracertine, the concrete formation of which promptly distinguishes it from marble so called. From its chemical and physical characteristics we must conclude that the marble of the Holy Stairs is of Greek Origin.

A plea is made for examination by an expert. We ourselves present the testimony of such. These are impartial witnesses and rank as specialists from

the standpoints of both theory and practice. Francis X. Morelli and other marble workers subscribed to the following under date, Rome, January 17, 1924:

"In my capacity of marble worker I attest that having been requested by Rev. Father Emidio Orlandi, Passionist at the Scala Santa, to produce a specimen of Greek marble, I presented myself with the same for the purpose of comparing it with a specimen taken from one of the sacred steps of the Scala Santa and to decide whether or not both were of the same quality. And having made the comparison I freely state, without any doubt whatsoever, that they are similar in their natural concretion, crystallization, ^{so} ni-transparency and similarly variagated by veins of the color of clear ashes. All this I avow on the experience I have had in my art which I have followed for forty-five years and during which I have had occasion to work in the same Greek marble as also in other stones classed as ancient and modern."

We add the testimony of the illustrious engineer, Commendatore Zaccagna, formerly Chief Engineer of the Royal Geological Office of Rome, who to long experience, being of Carrara, joins a theoretical knowledge more than ordinary:

Royal Geological Office
Rome, January 21, 1924

The marble fragment taken from the Scala Santa bears no similarity with any of the varieties of saccharoid marbles coming from the Italian regions. That marble to me is undoubtedly of Greek importation and more particularly belongs to the variety known under the name of *marmo Pentelico*. This is proved from the characteristic crystalline formation, the folds and the white tint which distinguish it from the waxey species of Pario and the grey zoning peculiar to the latter marble. Nor is this contrary to tradition, for it is known that in the construction of important building even in the annexed provinces of the empire the Romans made much use of Pentelic marble, as may be seen in Cirinaica and Tripolitania. The arch of M. Aurelius at Tripoli is thus constructed of Pentelic marble. Nothing could be more natural than that this marble should be used also at Jerusalem, that region being barren of material suitable for impressive architectural construction.

DOMENICO ZACCAGNA, ENGINEER
APPROVED,
GIOVANNI AICHINO,
DIRECTOR OF THE OFFICE.

The APPEAL of JESUS CRUCIFIED

THE PERPETUATION OF THE PASSION

"And whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and broke; and gave to His disciples." Matt. 26/26.

FIRST PART OF MEDITATION

IT is Holy Thursday night. Jesus is seated with His Apostles in the supper-room in Jerusalem. The Last Supper is almost finished. A sudden hush falls upon the Apostles, as Jesus rises slowly to His feet. As our Lord looks from one to the other, His face is transfigured with love. He knows that His Apostles expect something unusual. But He knows too that what really is to take place they could never imagine, even in their wildest dreams. Christ is about to institute the Mystery of Mysteries.

Jesus knows that in a few hours He will carry out the Divine plan of Redemption, the masterpiece of God's Wisdom and Power. But now He is about to perpetuate that masterpiece, to make it live forever, to invent a means by which it will be re-enacted continually before the eyes of the world until the end of time.

Upon the table before Him are a small loaf of bread and a cup of wine. Jesus looks down at them, His eyes wet with emotion. By means of just such bread and wine as this, by means of priests such as His first priests who now surround Him, the Son of God is to perpetuate the Divine drama of His Passion and death.

Slowly, solemnly, Jesus takes the little loaf of bread in His hands, looks up to heaven, blesses it, breaks it, and gives to His disciples, saying, "Take ye and eat. This is My Body. This do for the commemoration of Me." Then, in like manner, after they had eaten, taking the chalice of wine, and raising His eyes in thanksgiving to His Father, He blesses it and gives it to His Apostles, saying, "Drink ye all of this. For this is My Blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins. This do ye, as often as you shall drink, for the commemoration of Me. For as often as you shall eat this bread and drink this chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord, until He come."

Christ has celebrated the first Mass, the Mass which is to re-present, to re-enact, to continue His Passion and death before the eyes of men for all time, to keep Him living upon our altars in the Blessed Sacrament as the Victim of Calvary, and the centre of all our Faith and worship.

Our Divine Savior knew, that, if He simply had died for us on the Cross, with the passing of time, His Sacrifice, enacted only before the eyes of a few hundred people in an out-of-the-way corner of Palestine, would more and more become only a memory, growing ever fainter and more obscure. He knew that if He wanted His Passion and Death not to become a dead memory, but to remain the soul of our Faith, that Passion and Death must be kept living before the eyes of mankind, an action, a sacrifice which they themselves might see and touch and handle, at which they could assist, in which they might participate, just as if they themselves stood on Calvary.

So the Wisdom of God conceived the idea of the Mass, and the Power of God brought about its realization.

O My Jesus, if Thy Wisdom and Power were shown forth in Thy Passion, surely it was also displayed in perpetuating that Passion, in making it live till the end of time, in giving to all of us a chance to see it and participate in it. How different life would be, Jesus, if Thou didst not live upon our altars as the Victim of Calvary, the Victim of love for us. (*Let your mind dwell on these thoughts and your heart speak out in your own words to God.*)

SECOND PART OF MEDITATION

Well has it been said that the idea of the Mass is so sublime, so tremendous that only a God could have conceived it.

Do we understand what the Wisdom and Power of God have done for us in instituting the Sacrifice of the Mass?

What is done for us in the Mass today?

The priest of Christ goes to the altar, not as a man, but as the instrument of His Divine Master, the High Priest, Jesus Christ. When the priest

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pronounces the words of consecration over the bread and wine, "This is my body," "This is my blood," He does not mean that it is his own body and blood. He speaks for Christ, or, rather, Christ speaks through him. It is Jesus Who pronounces the words of consecration through His priest, Jesus Who lies upon the altar, Jesus Who offers Himself to His Father as the Victim of Calvary, just as He offered Himself upon the Cross, with the prints of the nails in His hands and feet and side, and showing forth the separation of His Body and Blood upon the Cross by the separate consecration of the bread and wine.

And we have the right to share in this sacrifice, just as though we stood on Calvary. It is for us that Jesus lies there upon the altar, for us that He offers His adoration and thanksgiving to His Father, for us that He asks pardon and grace. Christ was not satisfied with offering Himself for us once. He wants to do it again and again. He wants us to see Him do it. He wants us to unite our hearts to Him in this sacrifice.

All He asks of us is, that once a week, for a half hour, we come and assist at this sacrifice. By His Wisdom and Power He has worked out this plan of the Mass for our special benefit; He has humbled Himself under the appearance of bread and wine to live among us as our Victim, and to go through the humiliation of the reenactment of His Passion and Death in order that by assisting at Holy Mass, we might have a worthy means of giving to God all the adoration and thanksgiving we owe Him, of making atonement for our sins, and of drawing His blessings down upon us.

Yet how many Catholics regard the Mass! How many Catholics flatly defy God by refusing to come to Mass? But they "know what they do." Then the hundreds of pitiful, contemptible excuses that are made for missing Mass. "I had some work to do. I did not feel quite well enough." If there were some wonderful play or a great personage to be seen, these Catholics would find time: but why should they go to Mass? Why should they

give a half hour out of the week for this? Only the Son of God is going to be here; and all that He is going to give them is a share in the treasures of His Passion and Death. Why should they get out of bed and go around the corner for Jesus Christ, even though He comes down from heaven for them to offer Himself to His Father as their Sacrifice?

Ah, it is a shame, a tragedy of mean ingratitude, a mockery of the Wisdom and Power of God, for Catholics to miss Mass through their own fault. Other sins are committed often in the heat of passion, but this is deliberate, cold-blooded. God abominates the Catholic who deliberately misses Mass.

Surely our forefathers who shed their blood to hear Mass appreciated what the Mass means. And if we really understood its infinite value for us, we would never miss Sunday Mass through our own fault; we would try to hear Mass, if possible, during the week, we would not be late for Mass; during its celebration we would not be thinking of everything else but what is going on at the altar. We would come to Mass as we would go to Calvary to witness the Death of the Son of God. We would see, not so much the priest, but Jesus Christ. We would assist at Mass devoutly, remembering that the Passion and Death of our Lord on the Cross is being reenacted again for us. We would follow the different parts of the Mass intelligently. We would realize that in the Mass we have our best chance to offer up to God all we owe Him, and to draw down upon ourselves His best blessings.

O Jesus, help me to appreciate the Mass, in which you reenact for me Thy Passion and Death. Help me to assist at Mass as I would have liked to assist at Thy crucifixion on Calvary. (*Let your mind dwell on these thoughts, and your heart speak out its own words to God*).

RESOLUTION:—I shall try to assist at Mass intelligently and devoutly.

ASPIRATION:—Blessed be Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

Join the Archconfraternity

We again call the attention of our Readers to the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Passion. The obligations of membership are so easy that no Catholic will find it hard to comply with them. We are pleased with the large number who have already joined the Archconfraternity; but we hope that the day is not far distant when all our Readers will be members.

Gratitude to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ for all that He has endured for us in His Sacred Passion should inspire us to meditate affectionately upon His sufferings and to promote devotion to Him, not alone in our own hearts, but also in the hearts of others.

Full information about the Archconfraternity will be cheerfully furnished. Write THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J.

OUR JUNIOR READERS



Two Lenten Bears

By MAURICE LEW

"Bear" and "Forbear"—gems of advice,
Gems that are bought with Sacrifice.

Buy the pair! Wear them!
And, I dare say
You'll have wrinkles from smiling
All through the day.

You don't want to wear them?
Well, take them like pills;
They'll cure your soul's
And your bodily ills.
Get them down somehow;
And I'll guarantee
You'll be smiling all day—
And winking at me.

The Legend of Bottle Hill

By Genevieve K. Griffin

ON a recent visit to Ireland, our guide pointed to a grass-covered hill, saying, "Now that is the famous Bottle Hill."

"Bottle Hill?" I queried. "It hasn't the shape of a bottle and I see no old bottles thrown about, so why—"

"Hush, child!" warned the guide. "Never speak while passing the hill, you may perhaps say the wrong word and then the fairies dwelling there would be displeased."

"But how could they hear through that big pile of earth?" I asked, still incredulous.

"Ah! child, you don't know fairies, I see. Not so long ago a farmer named Tim, who lives down yonder way, passed the hill about midnight and he met a fairy."

"Was it a good or a bad fairy?"

"Well, I guess you would call him both good and bad."

"Do tell me about him," I pleaded.

"Well," began the guide, "Farmer Tim was mighty poor; the crops had failed and the landlord was howling for the rent. Poor Tim hadn't money enough to buy bread for Mrs. Tim and the two little Tim boys, much less to pay the rent. He was desperate. All he owned of value was a fine cow, which he prized highly.

'Twas Mrs. Tim who made him take Bossy away to the next town to sell her, to get money for bread. Farmer Tim hated to sell Bossy but he knew they had to eat, so at midnight he started to the fair with Bossy. The distance was so great that to reach the fair by morning he had to leave at midnight. Farmer Tim was not anxious to be out at midnight either, for he knew that the fairies were about at that time.

Just as Tim and his cow neared Bottle Hill a tiny little man wearing a red, pointed cap stopped him.

"Where are you going with a cow at this time?" asked the little man.

"To the fair, to sell her," replied Farmer Tim. "We're starving at home, so I have to sell my cow."

"Why go so far?" asked the fairy. "I'll buy her."

"You'll buy her," laughed Tim.

"Don't ever laugh at a fairy," warned the little man. "I'll give you a good price for your cow."

"How much?"

Putting his hand into his back pocket, the little man produced a dark-green bottle. "I'll give you this bottle for your cow," he said.

"A bottle for my fine cow?" asked Tim.

"This bottle is worth more than money," said the fairy. "You will never be hungry so long as you have this bottle."

"Well, take the cow," said Farmer Tim.

"Now," said the fairy, "at meal times place this bottle in the center of your table and after you are all seated, say in a gentle voice, 'Bottle do your duty' and see what happens."

Tim took the bottle and started for home. Mrs. Tim was very much surprised to see her husband back before daybreak. "Where's the cow?" she asked.

"Sold," said Tim.

"Not at the fair, surely?"

"No, I sold her to a fairy."

"To a fairy! And what price did you get?"

Mr. Tim produced the bottle, and Mrs. Tim almost fainted when she saw it.

"Surely, you don't mean to tell me that you sold our cow for that old bottle?"

"That I do," said Tim, "but just you wait till breakfast time and you'll see what a good bargain I made."

"You foolish, foolish man!" was all Mrs. Tim could say.

Breakfast time came and they all sat down to the table. Mr. Tim put the bottle in the center and then in a gentle voice said 'Bottle do your duty.'

At these words, the cork popped out of the bottle and two tiny men jumped out carrying between them a tiny table cloth. As they spread it, it expanded until it covered the entire table. Then they jumped back into the bottle again, and presently jumped out again carrying with them tiny trays on which were tiny plates and dishes and on these plates were little specks of various colors. The little plates were no bigger than a dime but as soon as they were placed upon the

THE † SIGN

table they expanded into regular size plates, and what looked to be little specks developed into the choicest food. When the four places were set the little men jumped back into the bottle. Mr. Tim and the children ate ravenously, but Mrs. Tim was afraid to eat the fairies' food. The children told her it tasted just like real food, only better. So she, overcome by hunger, ate her share, too. When the meal was finished, Mr. Tim again said, 'Bottle do your duty,' and the little men jumped out of the bottle, began to clear the table; at their touch the dishes diminished in size and they jumped back into the bottle with them.

"How's that for a bargain?" asked Mr. Tim.

"It feeds us," said Mrs. Tim, "but how about the rent, the landlord is coming for it this evening."

"Oh, bother the landlord" said Tim, "I'm glad we're eating."

That evening the landlord called just as Mr. Tim and his family were enjoying the supper the little men had spread for them.

"Ho, ho!" said the landlord when he beheld the feast. "How can you afford such fine eating when you haven't money to pay the rent?"

Mr. Tim then told how he traded his only cow for the fairy bottle.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the landlord. "I'll give you another cow and rent free for a year if you will give me that bottle. My little daughter is going to have a birthday party next week and that bottle would save me great expense for it would provide a dandy feast for herself and her little friends."

"All right," said Tim, "Take the bottle and send me down the cow."

When Mr. Tim got the cow he told Mrs. Tim that he intended to trade it for another bottle. Just before midnight he started off for Bottle Hill. As he neared it, he met the same little man with the red, pointed cap.

"Well, well," said the little man, "so you gave away that valuable bottle."

"Yes," said Mr. Tim, "But how do you know?"

"Ah, my man, fairies know everything."

"Here's another cow; will you give me another bottle?" said Mr. Tim.

"I will," said the little man. Tim gave him the cow, and the little man reached into his pocket and got out another bottle. Handing it to Tim, he said, "Now this bottle you must treat differently. Speak almost in a whisper when you say 'Bottle do your duty.'"

Mr. Tim went home with a light heart, knowing that he had another wonderful bottle.

As usual, Mr. Tim and his family sat down to the breakfast table and Mr. Tim after he had placed the bottle in the center, whispered, 'Bottle do your duty.' The cork popped out of the bottle and two tiny men jumped out and began to whip the whole family away from the table. Their whips looked tiny but they could reach any place. The children and Mrs. Tim began to cry and the little men continued to whip them. Finally Mr. Tim remembered to say "Bottle do your duty" and with that the little men jumped back into the bottle.

"Mercy, mercy," cried Mrs. Tim, "Why did we give up that other bottle?"

"Never mind," said Mr. Tim, "I'll get it back."

Mr. Tim then went to the landlord and told him he had another bottle.

"Is it as exciting as the first one?" asked the landlord.

"More exciting," answered Mr. Tim.

"Well," said the landlord, "I'll give you back the other bottle and three cows if you'll trade me."

"All right," said Mr. Tim, "You treat this bottle in the same way, only speak in a whisper when you say, 'Bottle do your duty.'"

The next day was the landlord's little daughter's

birthday and just as the Tim family were enjoying the lunch the little men had served them, the landlord rode up in a great hurry and broke in the door.

"Mr. Tim," he said, "that bottle is terrible! You tricked me! I did as you said and the two little men jumped out of the bottle and began to whip the children away from the table; they are still after them: please come with me and take that bottle away."

"Indeed I won't," said Mr. Tim. "I wouldn't go near that bottle."

"Please!" begged the landlord. "I'll give you twenty cows if you'll come and take that bottle back."

Mr. Tim pictured himself driving home the twenty cows, so he agreed to go and take back the bottle.

When they arrived at the landlord's home, there were the two little men perched on the dining table, waiting for someone to come into the room. The children had all fled. When Tim entered the little men began to whip at him but he said, "Bottle do your duty," and the little rascals jumped into the bottle.

Mr. Tim took the bottle and the landlord's twenty cows. He was happy to be the owner of twenty cows, but he was worried; he didn't care to have this wicked bottle in his possession. He decided to take it back to the fairy.

Shortly before midnight he left home with the wicked bottle. As he neared Bottle Hill, he saw the little man with the red, pointed cap, laughing and slapping his sides with his tiny hands.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha!" laughed the little man. "Now will you be satisfied with a good bargain?" he said triumphantly.

"Indeed I will," said Mr. Tim, "but won't you please take back this last bottle?"

"Well," said the little man, reaching for the bottle, "as long as this is the first time that you have offended the fairies who tried to help you, I'll take it back: But remember, my man, when you have something good, be satisfied with it and don't want more."

With that, the little man vanished into the hill and Mr. Tim went home a happy man."

Out of Doors

By COLMAN LADD

I'm rather weary of that toy crane,
The little course of my electric train,
I've had my fill of building blocks,
There's no more fun in my Christmas stocks.
I look them over and yet I see
That Ma and Dad were kind to me.

This morning as I woke I heard
The cheery song of a lonely bird;
And it seemed to say, "The woods grow green,
The fields are soft, where willows lean
And minnows dart the brook runs free."
And I said, "How kind is God to me!"

Lent is the special time for devotion to our Lord's Sacred Passion. During this holy season every Catholic worthy of the name does some good or makes some act of self-denial in gratitude to Jesus Crucified for the benefits of redemption.

THE † SIGN

Let's Cross Words

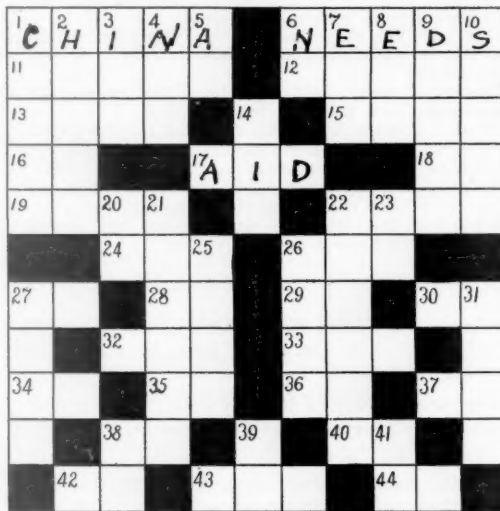
LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

M A D * E L * M S * G O R D
 A R T * L A T I N * O R E
 R C H * A S K * N A P * A L
 E H * C E E * E G O * L A
 S * O C * * * * S T * Y
 * S W E A R * A C T O R *
 C A N D L E * P R A Y E R
 A T * E P T * P A L * P O
 L * * * H A * E M * * M
 V I * W O R * A P E * B A
 A D * E N D * R I P * A N
 R I O * S E * E N * V I C
 Y O U * E D * D C * A T E

This little twister was sent in by Miss Mildred A. Coyen. In it are hidden Daddy's last name as well as the name of the place in which we are all interested.

Next month our friend, the American Puzzle Artist, whose puzzle in the January issue was so entertaining, will again appear. Mr. J. M. Bartiste expects to give all our Juniors a real timely puzzle.

Now let's all get busy and brush up our grammar as well as our wits. Here goes:—



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| <p>ACROSS</p> <p>1. Where our Missionaries are.</p> <p>6. The center of an apple, (Pl.)</p> <p>11. A cause of esteem.</p> <p>12. How we worship God.</p> <p>13. Dry—Barren.</p> <p>15. Where our First Parents lived.</p> <p>16. Exists.</p> <p>17. Where there was no room for Joseph and Mary.</p> <p>18. Confer, (Abbr.)</p> <p>19. Having actual existence.</p> | <p>22. St. Monica's Temperance Union, (Abbr.)</p> <p>24. 3rd Per. Sing. Ind. Pres. Tense of 'to have.'</p> <p>26. American Automobile Association, (Abbr.)</p> <p>27. An interjection meaning 'Whoa!'</p> <p>28. Second note of musical scale.</p> <p>29. Sotto voce, (Abbr.)</p> <p>30. Adverb meaning 'thus.'</p> <p>32. To grow old.</p> <p>33. Relatives.</p> |
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|---|---|
| <p>34. Prefix meaning 'out of'—'from.'</p> <p>35. Editor, (Abbr.)</p> <p>36. South, (Abbr.)</p> <p>37. No Good, (Abbr.)</p> <p>38. Arab, (Abbr.)</p> <p>40. Smallest State in America, (Abbr.)</p> <p>42. Printers' Measure</p> <p>43. Our Country, (Abbr.)</p> <p>44. Negative answer.</p> | <p>7. A form of lyric poetry.</p> <p>8. A unit of Long Measure.</p> <p>9. Straight—upright.</p> <p>10. Daddy's last name.</p> <p>14. Writing fluid.</p> <p>20. An interjection.</p> <p>21. Bigger.</p> <p>22. Redeemer.</p> <p>23. Parent.</p> <p>25. What the farmer sows.</p> <p>26. Requests.</p> <p>27. Colors—shades.</p> <p>31. Well known Catholic Magazine.</p> <p>38. Second word of the 1st Commandment.</p> <p>39. You and I.</p> <p>41. Within.</p> |
|---|---|

DOWN

1. Used to sit upon.
2. A beast of burden.
3. International News Item, (Abbr.)
4. Bow the head.
5. Suffix meaning 'like.'
6. Central America, (Abbr.)

Our Juniors and Our Lady's Orphanage

We are delighted at the interest displayed by many of our Juniors in the building of Our Lady's Orphanage. We have received donations from them ranging from one penny to one dollar.

We have been asking from all our Readers the small sum of 14 cents. It surely is a small sum—so small, in fact, that even children can give it.

We have been hoping that the necessary \$10,000. for the Orphanage would be on hand by this time. But it is not. With the help of God, we shall have it by Easter.

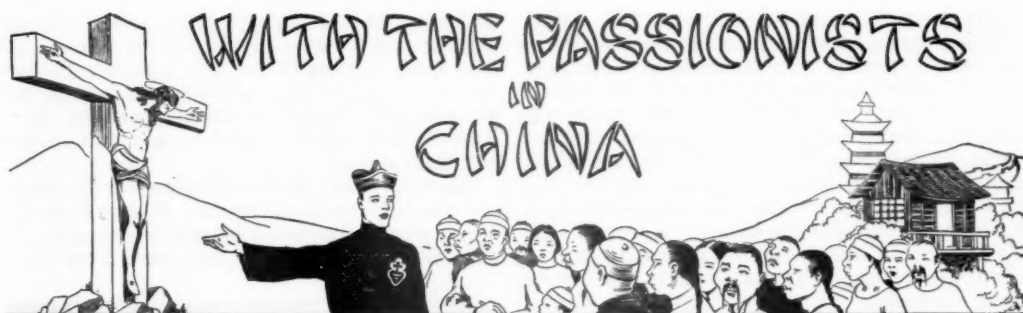
During Lent our good Catholic children will make some self-denials. Suppose that what you save in candy money or movie money you give to the Orphanage? You will thus make your self-denials do double duty. You will have the two-fold merit of denying yourselves and of helping to provide a home for your little Catholic brothers and sisters in China.

We do hope that you will get busy now. We need your help and we are counting on it. We know that you will not disappoint us. The cause is worthy of your help and you will be blessed for the help you give. You shall have a special remembrance in the prayers of the poor Chinese children whom your offerings will benefit.

Even children, you know, can commit sin, and, unfortunately, some of them commit pretty big sins. They should make reparation for them. The best reparation that can be made is the charity that covers even multitudes of sins. In reparation for your own sins, make your offerings for Our Lady's Orphanage.

Get busy! Do it now! We're waiting to hear from you.

DADDY SEN FU,
THE SIGN, WEST HOBOKEN.



First Communication from Our Missionary Sisters of Charity in China - - - Gemma's League

Our Thrilling Experience By SISTER MARIE DEVOTA

ON October 21, we landed at Shanghai. Father Edmund and a Franciscan Father came to welcome us to China. Father Edmund gave us a telegram from Father Dominic. That was his welcome to the "Land of our Dreams." We were then driven to the Sacred Heart Hospital, conducted by the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary. Here we had our first glimpse of China. After inspecting this hospital, we realized how much the poor Chinese people need the assistance of Sisters.

The few days we were here were spent in seeing various Catholic Institutions. Among these was the General Hospital. In this hospital only foreign patients are taken and perhaps a few high-classed Chinese. Here we had Benediction for the first time since we left dear U. S. A. While we were having tea, the famous Mr. Lo came in. He seemed pleased to meet us. The Sacred Heart Hospital was built by him, also the St. Joseph Hospice.

Next day we visited the Jesuit Fathers' establishment at Sicawei. This includes many workshops where the orphans are taught printing, binding, carving in wood and brass, and painting. Not far from here is the establishment conducted

by the Helpers of the Holy Souls. An orphanage, boarding school, foundling and day nursery comprises this place.

The day after, Mr. Lo's automobile brought us to his other hospice, St. Joseph, conducted by the Cornette Sisters of Charity, who gave us a hearty welcome. Mr. Lo is their best benefactor and aids them by bringing many abandoned infants and less fortunate Chinese to them. He himself baptizes many infants and comes frequently to the hospital to comfort those afflicted ones. As there were many buildings to be inspected, we spent most of the morning at this place. Shortly before dinner we drove over to the Little Sisters of the Poor. There were several Sisters here who could speak English, so we had a very pleasant visit.

OFF FOR HANKOW

On St. Raphael's Day we left for Hankow. At every port we seem to have friends. Here Dr. Fitzgerald, Mr. O'Brien, who rushed our baggage through the Customs, Mr. and Mrs. Gray, and several priests came to the boat to bid us a good trip up the Yangtze River. The boat was under British management, so we fared very well. The priests were able to offer Mass and we heard two every day during the trip. In this way, I believe, the Lord is giving us part of the hundred-fold.



TING TING LAKE

G. A. Y. C. HUNAN BROADCASTING! "GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGING YOUR CHARITY."

We reached Hankow on October 28. Father Dominic gave us a warm welcome. We were welcomed also by two Canossian Sisters of Charity. We partook of their hospitality and remained at their convent for five days. Much progress has been made by these Sisters. At the present time their establishment consists of an orphanage, a school for the poor, boarding and day school for Europeans, a Chinese hospital, a European hospital, dispensary, a school for Catechumens. The Sisters are struggling hard to keep them all up. There are only a few Sisters for these works.

In the afternoon of our first day here, we visited the International Hospital under the direction of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters. On our way we met two American Franciscan Fathers. We appreciated their good American greetings. One of these Fathers was formerly stationed in Paterson and knows several of our Sisters. It was a treat to us to hear some one speak English.

When we returned to the convent, one of the Sisters showed us a baby just brought in. Daily they receive abandoned infants. Most of them do not live very long, so the Sisters see to it that they are baptized before they die. Sister Finan had the honor of christening this baby, giving it the name of Mary Joseph. If the infants live, they are placed in the care of nurses. The nurses report every month. When the children are about two years old, they are placed in the orphanage.

Our first visit to a real Chinese city was made to Wuchang where the American Franciscans are located. The filth and dirt of this place cannot be described. We rode in rickshaws as far as we could, then had to walk. Pigs, chickens and dogs roam freely in the streets. Meat is hung out right in the open and some of it looks as if it has been hanging there for months.

AT HANYANG

The following day we called upon the Sisters of Loretto at Hanyang. We were royally welcomed by them. They are helping the St. Columban Fathers. Their experiences enlightened us a great deal. They have real China here, for their quarters are very poor, not to mention the darkness, dampness and dirt of the place. Rats are their nightly visitors. With it all they are apparently quite contented. The Sisters took us to see the Fathers' buildings, also Dr. Francis' dispensary.

Friday we finished our inspection of the Canossian Sisters' compound. Sister Patricia Rose had the privilege of baptizing a Japanese young man who was dying at the European hospital. This was her second christening. At Shanghai she christened a pagan baby, giving it the name of

Therese. At their dispensary I baptized a foundling, naming the poor waif Anne Marie. At this same dispensary we saw a leper. He was isolated from the other patients, being kept in a little wooden house in back of the building. Sister Patricia Rose took his picture and that seemed to please him.

All Saints Day we left Hankow for Changteh. Besides Father Matthias and Father Dominic, we were accompanied by two Chinese girls and four Chinese boys. The boys were from Shen-



WITHIN
The Poverty of the Missionaries

chow Mission and the girls were coming to help us. The boat was very small but we managed to enjoy the trip all the way. Father Dominic had hired the front part of it for us, so we had a deck, if one calls it such. The Lord has been very good to us, for so far we have been able to hear Mass daily. I presume that this is the first time that Mass has been said on such a boat.

Since we began our journey, we have been expecting thrilling experiences. Well, we were not long on this boat when the Custom officers came on board to search. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning. Naturally, we were frightened. Father Dominic came over to tell

A BRICK A DAY FOR OUR LADY'S ORPHANAGE. WILL YOU GIVE IT?

MY LENTEN RESOLUTION: "SOME SACRIFICE EACH DAY FOR THE CHINESE MISSIONS."

us why the boat had stopped. He informed the officers that we were Europeans, so they did not insist upon searching us. They look chiefly for opium and concealed weapons.

At Yupeiteng, while we were at supper, we heard many shots. From the facial expressions of Father Dominic and Father Matthias, we concluded that something startling was happening. Finally the boat stopped and we found out that the shots were fired by soldiers who were supposed to be searching for deserters. We stopped



WITHOUT
The Poverty of the Natives

eating and commenced the rosary. Prayer is our only weapon on such occasions. Father Dominic guarded the door of our compartment to prevent the soldiers from coming in. He told them that we were Sisters, come from America to teach the Chinese and take care of the sick. This took some effect for they glanced quickly around the room and did not enter.

EXPERIENCES AT CHANGTEH

We arrived at Changteh, November 5. Our baggage was transferred to a houseboat. After we were settled on this boat, we sailed down the river to be near the Catholic Mission. In the afternoon the priests went to the Mission. While

they were gone, the Christians from the town came down to our boat. It was the first time that they had seen Sisters and we were examined from head to foot. One could not help liking them for their simplicity and kindness.

On their return the priests told us that they had been advised not to proceed further on account of the bandits. It was then decided that we stay here until conditions would clear. We were offered hospitality by a Christian Chinese family whose home was within the Mission compound. Before we did anything, the priests thought it best to call upon the Bishop who had arrived unexpectedly on the eighth. There is no need to tell about this visit. Not having had Sisters in his province, you can imagine how he welcomed us. On the tenth we went to occupy the Christian lady's house. Mrs. Chang was extremely kind to us. By this same lady we were given a catered dinner. We enjoyed it in more ways than by eating it. The Lord surely loved us that day for He gave us many acts of mortification to offer up.

Directly opposite the Mission a pagan family was having a large celebration. It seems that one of their relatives had died, and this was their way of paying their respects to his spirit. The Bonzes were officiating day and night and would occasionally go down to the river to burn incense to the water God to keep evil spirits from the house of mourning. They kept this going on for forty-nine days. At the closing of this celebration they built a paper house, surrounded with the things the dead person would need in the next world. They placed the house in the street. Some of the things surrounding the house were servants made of paper, paper money, bed and chairs, clothing and eatables. After mumbling some prayers, they put a lighted torch to it. This ends their mourning and they go back to their house and enjoy a feast.

One day we saw a dead man lying in the street. He was there because he had no one to bury him. A few days later I saw a wretched beggar pulling himself along on the muddy street. I noticed that his feet had been cut off.

On the fourteenth, it was reported that troops of soldiers from up the country were on their way to take possession of the town the following day. We can assure you that we did not sleep much that night. Every sound we heard, we thought that they had already arrived. The soldiers are just like bandits here. They are poorly paid, sometimes they do not receive any pay. This leads them to become bandits.

TANG TSE MO

The priests had an interview with Tang Tse Mo,

LITTLE SACRIFICES MEAN TINY SOULS TO PLEAD FOR YOU ABOVE.

one of the generals. He assured them that there was no danger in going ahead and gave them a passport and two un-armed soldiers. We were glad to get this news, for it meant we would be moving in a few days. Our Christian friends felt badly about our leaving. Mrs. Chang gave us, as a parting gift, four dollars, two cans of coffee and a large box of crackers. To show his appreciation for her kindness to us, Father Dominic gave her a basket of canned goods.

On the day we finished our Novena for the Feast of the Presentation, we proceeded on our way. About noon the twenty-third, we reached the town of Taoyuan. The rivers are not safe to travel at night, so the boatmen try to land at the nearest town before dark. This part of the trip was made in two houseboats, one was very large, and the other a trifle smaller.

At Taoyuan, Father Dominic learned that the bandits were having full sway about ten miles away. No boats could pass, not even mail boats. He went to see the General to ask him for more soldiers. This General, Chow Tian-pian, advised not to go on without sufficient protection. He promised to get us up to Shenchow safely. Father had known this general before. His wife, I believe, is at present staying at the Catholic Mission in Shenchow. We had the pleasure of meeting him when he came to the boat.

While we were at anchor here, a houseboat flying an American flag drew up beside us. You can imagine how we were affected by the sight of "Old Glory." We waved our small flag in salute. Later when the people on board came out, we learned that they were Americans from Pennsylvania, Protestant Missionaries who were on their way to their mission at Shenchow. From them we were told that it was all right to proceed up the line. This information they had obtained from a reliable source. As there is always safety in numbers, we planned to accompany them.

Sailing from daybreak, November 30th, we reached the next village, Chienchiachi, about one o'clock in the afternoon. A few hours before our arrival at this place, Father Dominic thought it wise to return to Taoyuan to interview again General Chow, to obtain more soldiers and to get money in case we would encounter the bandits. Upon his return, we learned that the General had been called away to Lichow. Consequently we did not obtain any soldiers. The Protestant Missioners had gone and we were at a lost what to do. Finally, placing all our trust in the Sacred Heart, we made another attempt to proceed.

THE HOLD-UP

We knew that about December the 3rd., we would come into the bandit region. That date

being the Feast of Saint Francis Xavier, we were confident that he would help us, if anything did happen. However, Tuesday, the second, while engaged in making an American flag, we were suddenly told that the bandits were here. Dropping everything, we knelt down and said the rosary. Then we went out to see what was happening. These bandits were said to be officers of the Taoyuan army which was defeated. This section was not in the bandit region. These bandits had left their band to get us first.

Our small boat was stopped first, then our boat. Although we were nervous, we stood our ground firmly. There were about twelve bandits around the boat and we could see many along the shore and some watching from the mountains. Each bandit had a Colt revolver. At first they asked for \$3,000., or someone would be taken to the mountains. All the money we had we offered them. That did not satisfy them. One of our boys did the interpreting and he certainly was courageous.

The bandits kept their revolvers pointed at us all the time. It would cost your life to move. The suspense was indeed trying but our prayers helped



BOY SCOUTS IN CHINA
Sons of Chinese Generals

A GOOD RULE TO FOLLOW: "IT'S MY DUTY TO HELP THE MISSIONS."

THE BABIES YOU HAVE RESCUED ARE HAPPY, SAFE AND SMILING.

us to stand it without any visible signs of fear. We kept saying the rosary and ejaculations all during the ordeal. After three-quarters of an hour going back and forth to different groups of bandits and discussing what was to be done, they decided to make a raid. The priests were searched and anything valuable taken from them. While this was going on, a few went inside, demanded the keys of our trunks and bags and took all they wanted.

While some were in raiding, three jumped up on the boat and began to search us. We can never tell you how we felt during this ordeal. We did not know what they would do. The boy told them we only had one pocket so we took out our pockets and they examined everything. Medals, crucifixes, glasses and pocket-books were carefully examined. One bandit was going to take Sister Patricia Rose's glasses but Father Dominic told him that Sister could not see without glasses; so he gave them back to her. I think the bandits thought we had something hidden up our sleeves for one of them pushed our sleeves up.

While Father Dominic was getting the money, a shot went off inside. At first we thought per-

haps those inside had shot at Father, but we were soon told that the shot had gone off accidentally.

THE BOY JOSEPH

While the search was being made inside, Joseph, our boy, took the chalice and ciborium and brought them out to Father. This was a courageous act for the bandits were searching the Mass kit when he slipped them out.

The bandits were not getting what they wanted, so one of them said: "Come on, let's kill one of them or take them to the mountains." One pointed his revolver directly at Father Matthias. Any moment we expected they would take him. They would have, I believe, if Father Leopold (the priest who was with us) had not told them that Father could not speak Chinese. Father Leopold told them to take him instead of Father Matthias. Afterwards we learned that they were going to take one of the Sisters also.

We were saying many prayers during this trying situation. God heard us, for just at the critical moment a boatload of soldiers arrived. When the bandits detected them, they dispersed, and we were allowed to go on.

If we could only have taken a flashlight of our quarters, it would give you a faint idea of the damage they caused. The contents of our trunks, bags, and boxes were scattered all around. As we were anchored about one-half a mile down the river, we feared that the bandits might return in the night, hence we did not undress when we went to bed.

The soldiers drew up alongside of our boat. They offered to take us safely up to Shenchow for a certain amount of money, but the priests feared it was only a blind trap us. These soldiers did not have any uniforms and we found out later that they were bandits.

Among the articles taken were watches belonging to the Fathers, also Sister Patricia Rose's watch, Father Dominic's gold pyx, oil stocks and your silver holy water sprinkler. He also lost the package Mother Cecilia sent him. Handkerchiefs, towels, linen, flashlights, slippers and many other pieces of clothing. They even took Father Matthias' sandals. At first Father thought they had taken his habit, but it was found later in another room. The bandits had many articles ready to take and would have taken them, if the chief had not stopped them. He made some of them return our goods.

No time was lost leaving this town in the morning to return to Taoyuan. Our Protestant Missionaries came alongside of us and from them we learned that they had met the bandits also. They had fallen into the trap set for us. The



WEALTHY LADS
Whom education has transformed

"WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED." HELP US MAKE HIM KNOWN IN CHINA.

WILL YOU AID THE CHINESE MISSIONS? EVENTUALLY, WHY NOT NOW?

bandits had been told that the Catholics were on their way. These Protestant Missionaries were robbed but their loss was not as great as ours. Their ordeal was longer than ours for they were kept five hours and saw five of the bandits shot down.

THE RETURN TO HANKOW

It would be flying into danger if we continued on, so the Fathers decided to return to Hankow. The bandits we met were not the worst kind! (Thank God!) Thursday we reached Changteh. Here we were welcomed by the Christians and Mrs. Chang, whose hospitality we had enjoyed.

Because of the unsafe condition of Changteh, we remained there only over night. The soldiers from up country had already arrived and taken possession of the town and from all appearances it would shortly become a storm centre.

Oh, how we hated to take this journey, but it is God's will; so we must be content. We are told that God must have something great in store for us when we had to return on our first trip. We hope so, anyhow. Surely, He has given us grace to bear it as well as we have.

On Sunday about four o'clock we changed boats and got into a sanpan, because at this time of the year the river is quite low and large boats cannot navigate. For five hours we were on the sanpan and enjoyed every moment of it. The Sisters and also Father sang songs, including Mother Machree, Killarney, Over on the Jersey Side, etc. "Over on the Jersey Side" is Sister Patricia Rose's favorite song, for every sight she sees, she commences to sing "Oh, we're over on the Jersey Side." One would never believe we were the same persons who had been facing the bandits a few days ago. It seems like a dream now!

After this sail, we got into a Japanese boat, which was much better than we expected to find it. This being the eve of the eighth we were kept very busy preparing for it. We had hoped to renew our vows at Shenchow, but, I suppose, they were more acceptable to the Lord under such circumstances. The Fathers seem to think that they were never more so.

We were expected to reach Hankow early

Tuesday, but our thrilling experiences were not at an end; for a great wind storm came up which prevented us from continuing and we were shipwrecked about 7 miles from Hankow. The Fathers thought it would be better for us to go ashore until it would become calmer. While we were waiting, a little Chinese boy brought us some tea. This boy was not a Christian. Usually the pagan children stare at us and begin to call after us: "foreign dog or foreign devil." At twelve o'clock the storm had not lessened so the priests suggested to walk the seven miles. This was our first long walk since we left Kobe, Japan.

We reached Hankow about four o'clock and went straight to the Passionist Procuration. There is no need to tell you how heartily we were welcomed by Fathers Edmund and Basil. We were not in here long when the Franciscan and Columban Fathers paid us a visit to offer their sympathy. The Sisters of Loretto had sent an invitation to take up our abode with them. Father Galvin also invited us to stay at his place.

It is needless to tell you how over-joyed we were to receive your telegram. That was the first line we had received since we landed in China; most of our mail has been sent to Shenchow. Father Dominic has written to the Fathers at Shenchow to forward the mail to us.

Now we are back where we started, waiting for mail, studying the Chinese language and anxiously waiting to get to Shenchowfu. Remember us to all the dear Sisters at Convent and tell them to pray hard for us.

Gemma's League

During January the following prayers and good works were offered for the Missions and Missionary Priests and Sisters in China.

Spiritual Treasury

Masses said	27	Offerings of the Precious Blood	374,120
Masses heard	32,432	Visits to Our Lady	29,373
Holy Communion	20,622	Beads of Seven Dolours	8,309
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	80,627	Ejaculatory Prayers	10,128,839
Spiritual Communions	269,652	Hours of Study	42,124
Benediction Services	11,352	Hours of Labor	7,402
Sacrifices, Sufferings	885,168	Acts of Kindness, Charity	581,353
Stations of the Cross	18,016	Acts of zeal	1,727,284
Visits to Crucifix	99,308	Prayers	672,191
Beads of Five Wounds	6,899	Various Good Works	355,957
Rosaries	52,416		

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers.

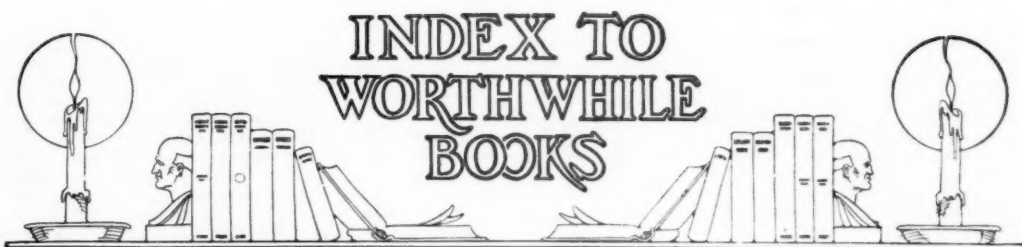
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MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

THE WONDERFUL SACRAMENTS. By Rev. Francis X. Doyle, S. J. Benziger Bros., New York. Price: \$1.25.

To anyone who imagines that interest, entertainment and instruction cannot be blended in a single book, we present "The Wonderful Sacraments." How many Catholics have clear and definite ideas of what the Sacraments are and what they do? Many doubtless can repeat the definition from the Catechism, but have they any appreciation of the value and significance of the words they utter? Father Doyle, realizing the need of a popular explanation of the Sacraments, has in this book spared no efforts to make the theology of these sources of divine grace, interesting and clear. He does not disdain to employ similes from the industrial and social world, he unblushingly makes automobiles and hat factories and steam boilers yield their content of instruction to make his explanation of the Sacraments everything that a busy man of today needs.

Interspersing and brightening the text are lively dialogues in which the speakers in a natural and simple manner discuss points of Catholic teaching in regard to the Sacraments. An instance in point is the conversation of a non-Catholic and a Catholic. The non-Catholic commences:

"Hello, Jim. Where're you bound?"

"Good morning, Dick. Fine morning for a Sunday, eh. We've had such rainy weather every Sunday that I had to keep the Ford locked up. I'm on my way home from Mass."

"Oh!... I must tell you that I admire you Catholics for the way you attend church. I'm something of a lie-abad on Sundays, but the wife is a good church-goer, and I let her make up for the rest of the family."

"That's a lazy man's doctrine, Dick. Do you think your wife's going to save your soul for you? You have to do something for yourself, old man."

Dick nods his head thoughtfully.

"Well, of course, that's right, Jim, but the church doesn't attract me. I never could see what I got out of going to hear a sermon on the fellowship of man, and world-brotherhood, and universal service, and all that. There's no punch in religion; at least, the one I was brought up in."

This leads to a discussion of what attracts Catholics to Mass on Sundays. Jim explains in this fashion: "It's like this, Dick. We Catholics do get something from our religion. A soul-energy, you might call it, from prayer, and the Mass—which is a sacrifice, you know—and from the sacraments and devotions."

When the discussion is beginning to get over the head of the layman, a priest happens along and in simple and clear language explains to both his listeners just what grace is, its necessity and how it is conferred by the sacraments.—R. J. Mc.

THE MASS. By Rev. Joseph A. Dunne. The Macmillan Co., New York.

This is another book by the author of "Parish

Schools." Father Dunne despite his work as Superintendent of Schools for the Diocese of Albany has found time to prepare another instructive book. The Mass is well printed on good paper and attractively bound in an embossed cover. The illustrations lend an added interest to the text.

The foreword is Cardinal Newman's beautiful description of the Mass. The famous Chalice of Antioch which was discovered recently and which lends so much weight to the Church's traditional claims, furnishes the frontispiece.

Intended apparently as a textbook for parochial schools, the style of *The Mass* is clear and simple and such as can easily be understood by a child. At the end of each chapter there is presented a set of questions bearing on the chapter together with suggestions for essays. The author divides the book into four parts corresponding to the principal parts of the Mass; the subject of each chapter is an action or prayer of the divine Mystery. In an appendix the priest's vestments are described and a detailed account of the Mass of the Catechumens is given.

The book makes interesting reading and the author does not hesitate to moralize wherever occasion affords. Truths which one would not expect to be touched on in such a book are casually introduced. Thus, in the chapter entitled "Dominus Vobiscum" the author pleads for leadership among Catholic girls.

To sisters who have the task of explaining the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to children, this book will prove of assistance.—N. C.

RELIGIO RELIGIOSI. By Cardinal Gasquet. Kenedy and Sons, New York.

This is a new edition of an illuminating book on the religious life. The Cardinal has prefaced it with a brief exposition of the origin and nature of his endeavors in preparing this work. He tells us that it was written primarily as a refutation of the utilitarian argument for the "life of the counsels"—an argument advanced by one of his friends among the laity. His Eminence challenged this materialistic view and pointed out that St. Paul condemns it because it takes no account of the connection between the present and the future life. This criticism evoked admiration and respect and created an audience receptive for his further endeavors. The Cardinal was pressed to set forth his defense of the Religious Life. His ability to surmount obstacles devised a means, even amid great business pressure, of finally completing the work under the title "Religio Religiosi" (The Religion of a Religious). It may well be considered a companion work to Cardinal Manning's "Religio Viatoris."

Anything like a commentary on it or a detailed review of its attractive features would be the "gilding of gold." With a master touch and with the knowledge begotten of personal experience, he narrates the awakening of the soul to the great realities of life; he

THE † SIGN

explains the graded progress in virtue to absolute union with God. He stresses what to his mind is not sufficiently emphasized in many books on the Religious Life, namely, the solid intellectual foundation for the life of evangelical perfection. However, while holding aloft the beauties of the "higher life"—its heroic demands and sublime ideals—he has not failed to appreciate and make allowance for the frailty of "this house of clay in which we dwell." The result is a balance which furnishes us with hope and confidence.

For material, simplicity of style, apt illustration and logical force, it is a masterpiece. The Cardinal has produced a work that will be a monument to his attainments as a Religious and a scholar.

For the Religious who has been wishing for an intellectually substantial presentation of the life he has embraced, a rare treat awaits him in the repeated reading of this neat volume. For the layman there is at his disposal a clear, concise, and highly satisfying explanation of a phase of Christian life that has always been something of an enigma to him. For all it will be an appreciation of the dignity and worth of the Religious Life.—M. M.

THE TRAINING OF WRITERS. By Edward F. Garesche, S. J. The Macmillan Co., New York.

Here is the author of "God in His World" in his working dress. In this book Father Garesche drops some hints as to how he himself became such an adept in the handling of words and how he has developed others in that same art. In the first place he sets forth the reasons why he is so zealous in the apostolate of the pen. "As a means of influencing others," he writes, "of helping them, instructing, moving, even of entertaining and amusing (great services too in their way), what can compare with print? The moving pictures have been likened to it, but only by way of exaggerated praise, a pardonable hyperbole which only serves to emphasize the paramount power of writing. No movement, no cause, however excellent, no interest or party can dispense with its help. Our civilization is largely founded upon the printing press and is dependent for its continuance and progress on that same mighty engine." And again: "To write well, to prepare for authorship, even though of an humble kind, is, besides a cultivation of the character and the natural powers, very precious for its own sake and for the broadening it gives to mind and character." Like every literary production "The Training of Writers" is garbed in the personality of its author. Hence it is thorough in its treatment; everywhere it sparkles with gems of common-sense; the bones of much nonsense that has haunted the dreams of budding writers are exhumed, exposed to the sunlight, cremated, and the ghosts quietly disposed of. Nowhere have we seen the subject of writing illumined more attractively. Encouragement exudes from the pages. It is pre-eminently a helpful book.—R. V. T.

THE SACRAMENT OF SILENCE. By Noel Sylvestre. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price: \$1.75.

A matter jealously guarded by the Church and highly respected by the non-Catholic world is the seal of confession. Priests have been accused of almost every imaginable crime, manufactured proofs of these accusations have been held up to ignorant and prejudiced crowds; doctrines and practices of the Church have been distorted almost beyond recognition; yet, strangely, priests are usually given the credit for maintaining secrecy about what they have learned from confession; the "seal" is sacred even to the profane mouth of calumny.

"The Sacrament of Silence" is a story built upon the secrecy of Confession. It narrates the bravery and honor of a young priest who maintained his secret despite the pressure brought to bear upon him by the civil powers and who submitted to imprisonment and death rather than betray his trust. The author emphasizes the sacredness of the "seal." But the story is not of great merit. The plot is weakly developed; as a consequence some scenes are overdone and unnatural. In the prologue, a child of nine discourses with the mature wisdom of an educated woman. The narration of the murderer's confession and his treatment by the young confessor is anything but true to Catholic teaching and practice. The last chapter and the epilogue do much to redeem the deficiencies of preceding chapters. On the whole, the book is interesting and instructive; but it is to be regretted that many statements in it may leave wrong impressions on the reader's mind. It cannot be recommended to non-Catholics or to Catholics who are not well instructed in the teaching and practice of the Church.—S. M.

SAFEGUARDING CHILDREN'S NERVES. By James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., Sc. D. and John A. Foote, M. D. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price: \$2.00.

A demand for reliable scientific information in the treatment of children afflicted with nervous disorders has arisen among physicians, nurses, educators, parents and others interested in the problems of child life. To meet this demand Drs. Walsh and Foote have carefully prepared these informal talks on mental hygiene.

The conditions which have produced such a demand are thus stated by the authors: "The number of patients suffering from nervous diseases is constantly growing. This is particularly noticeable among children. The nervous child used to be a very great exception, found in families with marked nervous tendencies. Now, wherever there are two or three children in a family, it is not at all unusual to have at least one of them exhibit very definite signs of nervousness, and in some cases all of the children manifest those tendencies to irritability on slight cause and to over reaction to emotional stimuli which are so characteristic of the nervous child."

The authors have summarized their convictions regarding what should and what should not be done to restore the health of children's nervous systems.

The influence of heredity is discussed in so far as it has relation to nervous disorders of children and some of the false notions prevalent among parents of today are refuted. Many tender-hearted and well-intentioned fathers and mothers are frequently the unconscious sources of harm to their offspring. The reason for this is their imprudence, consequent upon their ignorance of many of the fundamentals of child care.

Under the chapters "Nursing and Nurses," "Habits Good and Bad," and "Discipline and the Nervous Child" are to be found numerous hints valuable to the mother. Here too will be found a well defined plan of child training based on experimental psychology.

The chapter "Vital Food and the Nervous System" dwells on the important problem of children's diet and offers tactful suggestions calculated to induce the little folk to eat what is best for them. Material for thoughtful consideration will be found in the chapter "Recreation in Theory and Practice."

Everyone solicitous for the welfare of children will welcome this manual. Its authoritative information is attractively arranged. The authors' views are presented clearly, forcefully and interestingly.—S. T.

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- WIS.:** Belmont, F. W., \$1.25.

"I Have Built a House for Thy Dwelling." (3 Kings 8/13.)

OUR Missionaries in China have been asking for Chapels. With the coming of the thirteen new missionaries even more Chapels will be needed. To start a new Chapel \$500. is necessary. To finish and furnish it requires \$500. more.

UNDOUBTEDLY, some of our Readers can afford to build a Chapel. *It can be paid for in installments on terms to suit your own convenience.* Those who give \$500. are considered the builders of the Chapel and have the right to name it.

WHAT a privilege it is to be able to erect a house of God where the Holy Mass will be offered and the Sacraments administered and the Grace of our Lord imparted! What more fitting memoria! in honor of your deceased parents, relatives or friends!

THOSE who cannot give the price of a Chapel are requested to contribute what they can afford to our Chapel-Fund.

Our Chapels

Holy Trinity	\$195.00
Sacred Heart.....	\$325.00
Our Mother of Sorrows	\$204.00
St. Michael.....	\$160.00
St. Joseph.....	\$209.00
St. Patrick.....	\$170.00
St. Paul of the Cross	\$185.00
St. Gabriel.....	\$179.00
St. Rita.....	\$100.00
Little Flower.....	\$230.00
A home for Christ's Little Ones will cost \$10,000.00. Give what you can in honor of His Blessed Mother.	
Our Lady's Orphanage	\$2,100.14

HERE are the names of some Chapels which we expect to build shortly. In sending your donation just say that it is for this or that Chapel or for the Orphanage.

IN making such a donation you are honoring God, Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin or the Saint for whom the Chapel will be named.

FOR the sum of \$100. you can add to the list of titles. Here is a splendid way of proving your love and gratitude to your Heavenly Patron.

YOU are kindly asked to send us something for this fund as soon as possible so that we shall be able to carry out our building program.

Please address your donations to:
PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
Care of THE SIGN
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

PLEASE GIVE NOW! THE MISSIONARIES' NEEDS ARE PRESSING

A GOOD thing to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them

A MITE BOX WILL HOLD ANY KIND OF MONEY. WHEN IT IS FILLED, BREAK IT OPEN AND SEND US THE CONTENTS IN CHECK OR MONEY-ORDER OR CASH.

you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want, —the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

A DIME BANK HOLDS DIMES. ABOUT FIFTY OF THEM. WHEN THE BANK IS FILLED, WRAP IT SECURELY AND SEND IT TO US BY REGISTERED MAIL.

THE SIGN
West Hoboken, N. J.

Reverend Fathers:

Dime Bank
Mite Box

Please send me a Dime Bank and Mite Box.

Name:

Address:

Please write or print Name and Address very plain

STATEMENT OF CONDITION
OF
Highland Trust Company
of New Jersey

Cor. Summit Avenue and Demott Street
AT TRANSFER STATION
WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.
At Close of Business, December 31, 1924

RESOURCES

Stocks and Bonds	\$2,356,988.08
Mortgages	1,391,291.55
Loans and Bills Purchased.....	709,347.96
Banking House.....	85,241.22
Furniture and Fixtures.....	1.00
Cash on Hand and Due from Banks.....	280,931.72
Accrued Interest.....	36,120.51
	\$4,859,922.04

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$300,000.00
Surplus and Profits	189,565.78
Deposits	4,370,356.26
	\$4,859,922.04

Trust Funds are kept separate from the
assets of the Company

**A
Banking
House
of Merit**

OUR
FRIENDLINESS
AND
HELPFULNESS TO
OUR PATRONS IS
A VALUABLE
ASSET NOT
LISTED

2 Per Cent Interest
Allowed on Check Accounts
4 Per Cent Interest
Paid on Special Accounts

BUSINESS FIRMS and
INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS
CORDIALLY INVITED

All business entrusted to us will
receive prompt and accurate
attention

OFFICE HOURS
Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
Monday evenings, 6 P. M. to
8:30 P. M.

CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED

OUR representative has called at
the Brunswick Laundry, 220
Tonnel Avenue, Jersey City,
N. J., and made a thorough inspection
of the Largest Laundry in America. He
was astonished to find cleanliness and
sanitation brought to perfection, he has
found over 600 Employees, cheerful,
healthy and satisfied with their jobs,
their pay and their employers. Patrons
are always invited to visit this large
plant and see for themselves the process
of washing and ironing. The Brun-
swick Laundry's policy has always been
fair play to all employees and custom-
ers. We gladly recommend this firm
to our readers.

**"THE LIFE OF CHRIST"
IN TEXT AND PICTURES**

Text By
REV. HERBERT McDEVITT, C. P.

Picture from plastic models by
DOMENICO MASTROIENNI

We venture to say that this is the most beau-
tiful popular Life of Christ in the English language.
The book measures 7 x 9¼ inches. It contains
85 full page pictures printed by the rubber off-set
process in two colors. The Text is largely a
redaction of the words of the Gospel.

The price is *only* \$1.50, postage included.

Just drop a line saying, "Send me a copy of
The Life of Christ."—You can send the money
when you get the book.

Address

THE SIGN

West Hoboken

New Jersey

That Fourteen Cents

IN the city of Shenchowfu, China, a colony of Passionists Fathers are anxious to undertake the erection of Our Lady's Orphanage which will be in charge of our missionary Sisters of Charity.

OUR LADY'S ORPHANAGE will be the means of saving the lives of thousands of poor, neglected and abandoned children. It will also be the means of saving their immortal souls.

IT is the ambition of our missionary Priests and Sisters to start the Orphanage at once. But so many other pressing needs are demanding their limited means that they do not want to start the building until they have on hand the cash to pay for it. They are counting on you.

NOW about THAT FOURTEEN CENTS: In our December issue we stated that if every subscriber contributed the very small sum of 14 cents we should have the necessary \$10,000. Have you sent yours?

Please send your donation to:

THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES

Care of THE SIGN

West Hoboken

New Jersey

Have You Sent Yours?

